RAMBLES IN CATHOLIC LANDS

MICHAEL BARRETT, O.S.B.

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IN

CATHOLIC LANDS

BY

MICHAEL BARRETT, O.S.B.

AUTHOR OF

"Up in Ardmuirland," etc.

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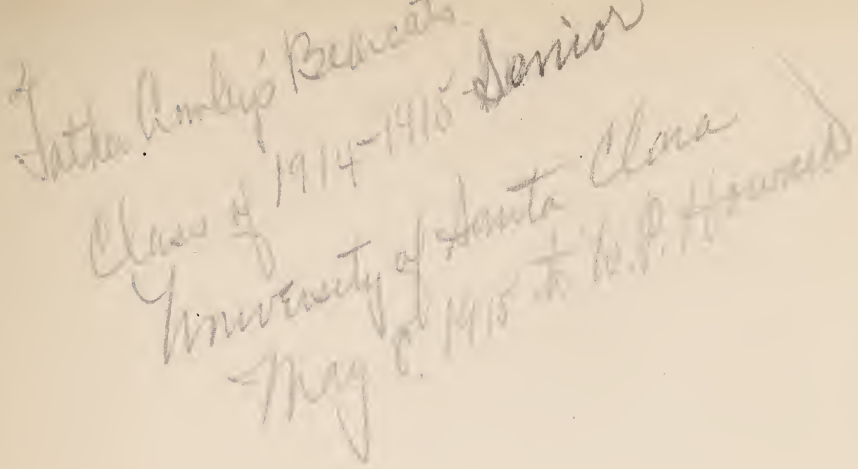

To
The Memory of
A Fellow Traveler
Now at Rest

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I

HAMBURG—RHINELAND—NIEDER-WERTH

I

HAMBURG—RHINELAND—NIEDERWERTH

NINETEENTH century pilgrims have been often accused of stooping too much to the spirit of the age by degrading their journeys of devotion to mere excursions by express train —"personally conducted," too, it may be, by Cook or Lunn or Gaze. That leisurely progress from one monastery or shrine to another, which was a feature in medieval journeys of the kind, no longer characterizes our latter-day pilgrimages —so sighs the ardent lover of bygone days; nowadays they differ little from the usual frenzied rush of our present style of traveling.

Perhaps the rambles of which these pages are a record scarcely deserve the title of pilgrimage; yet, without any pretence at medievalism, they constituted a leisurely progress enough, and led from monastery to shrine in a fashion free from overmuch hurry. Not that the services of Cook Son or of express trains were disdained; had they been, the journey of some two months would

have lengthened out to years, and time is too precious nowadays to be squandered unnecessarily.

It was my good fortune to be invited to accompany a friend through South Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Tyrol into Italy. Many of our halting-places were somewhat out of the beaten track, and for that reason the record of them may prove of interest to others.

Our first resting stage—not a thoroughly Catholic one, yet—was Hamburg. It cannot be reached from our northern shores (unfortunately) without the crossing of the German Ocean—a sea of a somewhat turbulent nature; let the narrative, therefore, of that woful passage be buried in oblivion.

Many persons may possibly regard Hamburg (as I confess to have done myself) as a large and important commercial center, indeed, but one without much pretension to beauty as a city. The idea is quite erroneous.

To begin with, the sail up the Elbe, which takes some three or four hours, is full of interest, and forms a very pretty approach. The green banks, dotted with villages, houses, and numerous wind-mills, are a relief to the eye after two days at sea. Then, as the steamer glides slowly on, the stream narrows and first Altona, then Hamburg, comes in sight.

The harbor, perhaps, is not precisely beautiful, but harbors are principally for utility. Nor are the sounds that greet the ear of the most musical kind. Everywhere steam launches and tugs, puffing out smoke and fretting the water into foam, meet the eye, and everywhere the deafening shrieks of steam sirens pierce the ear and distract the brain of the weary traveler with their unearthly notes. Still, as the steamer rides slowly into port, the very first view of Hamburg is decidedly picturesque. Tall houses of many hues and shapes—white, red, brown; stone, brick, or stuccoed—border the quay. Some of them stand gable-end to the harbor, and with their many windows and quaint timber-work of black interlacing beams form quite a pretty picture. Nor does the first impression vanish as one becomes acquainted with the city itself.

The streets are broad, splendidly paved, and well kept. The houses in the chief thoroughfares are often unusually lofty—rising to some five or six stories—and built with more or less architectural beauty. In many instances trees line the edge of the broad pavement. The public buildings are all massive and grand; some of them are really magnificent. The *Rathhaus*, or Town Hall, is one of these. Its somewhat florid style of architecture is adorned with a profusion of really fine statues representing notable historical

personages connected with the city and district. It is worthy of remark that a Protestant State, such as Hamburg, should show its appreciation of real worth by placing among these statues those of St. Ansgar and St. Adalbert. The Stock Exchange, the Opera House, the Art Galleries, are all worthy of this truly handsome city.

A very striking feature is the large stretch of water in the very center of Hamburg known as the Alsterbassin. It is divided into two irregular portions by the massive Lombard Bridge. Upon this lake ply numerous pleasure steamers and rowing boats, and hundreds of swans disport themselves there. Venetian-like canals also intersect the town for the convenience of traffic with the docks.

To a foreign eye there is much to interest. One strange feature is the use made of dogs as draught animals. We continually met them—great placid-looking creatures, but formidably muzzled, pulling a small milk-cart or a larger vegetable truck; the owner—man or woman—frequently running by the shaft and helping to lighten the load.

I could not help being amused by the type of schoolboy one met in shoals at particular hours of the day. They were generally small and pinched-looking, their very bony legs being encased in tight knee-breeches, and they often wore

linen blouses above these. They invariably carried on their heads a flat cap, set very far back, often of some bright color—blue, green, crimson, yellow, scarlet—probably the school regulation cap. Each one bore his books in a knapsack on his back, and seemed to take life—on the way to school—rather seriously.

Hamburg enjoys the distinction of forming with the district immediately surrounding it an independent principality under its proper senate. It has a population of some seven hundred thousand, and of these not more than twenty thousand are Catholics; many of the inhabitants are Jews.

The little State seems to be thoroughly well ruled. There is an efficient corps of police, in bright uniforms of dark blue laced with silver and black, spiked helmets. Some fifty of these are mounted, and relieve guard at fixed times at the crossings of some of the busier thoroughfares, where one of them sits on horseback in statuesque majesty in order to control the traffic when necessary.

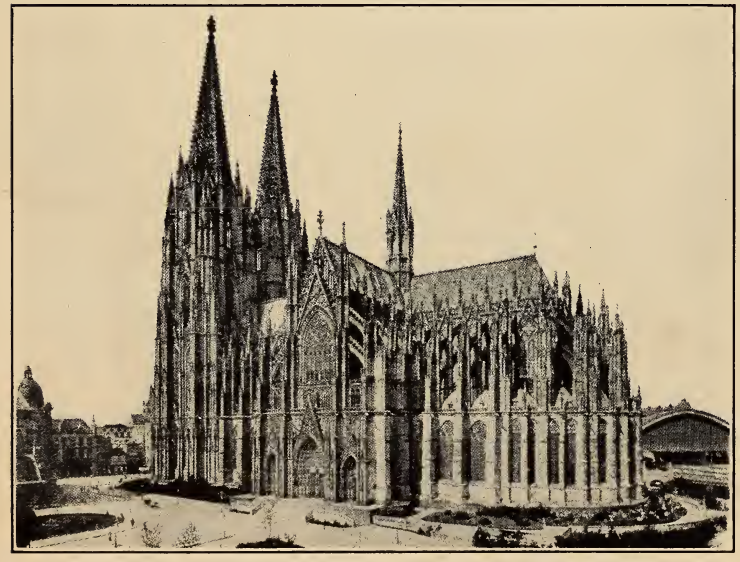
A better managed system of electric tram-cars could not be desired. The service is regular and in quick succession, and the officials, in their handsome uniforms of biscuit color faced with green and gold, are uniformly polite and attentive. Two cars are almost always attached, one

labeled "for non-smokers"—a characteristic difference from our custom of providing on the railways occasional carriages for "smokers." The mention of uniforms compels me to break out in admiration of the artistic taste set forth in the equipment of some of the military. I never saw anywhere such gorgeous soldiers as in Hamburg. Dark blue laced with silver was eclipsed by a delicate French grey—almost lavender—with dark crimson facings. What more could the mind of an æsthetic young officer desire?

Of the three Catholic churches I entered only that of St. Mary. It is an exceedingly handsome new building of red brick in Romanesque style. It is fitted within with much taste and costliness. The Hamburg Catholics, though comparatively few, have the character of being fervent and good. To judge from the large numbers who approached the sacraments in the "Marienkirche" on the two Sundays I was there, the character would seem to be a true one. What was especially noteworthy was the unusually devout and reverent way in which the altar boys served Mass.

During our stay we made only two excursions which are likely to be of interest to casual readers; and let me say, once for all, pilgrims, like ordinary Christians, have their hours of relaxation! The first of these was a visit to the docks. These

HAMBURG, CORNER OF THE HARBOR.



THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

are considered the third in the world in point of size. London and New York alone surpass Hamburg in this particular. We took our places on a small steam launch and made the whole round of the harbor, then proceeded down the Elbe to Altona—a suburb of Hamburg, but situated in Prussian territory. A guide lectured in a stentorian voice upon the various points of interest as we proceeded, and the passengers chiefly devoted themselves to the consumption of tempting-looking little luncheons, which a pale-faced youth busied himself with serving to such as needed them. We boarded a huge South American steamer, which was just preparing to sail, and wondered at the luxurious accommodation and massive build of that noble vessel.

At Altona we bade farewell to our launch, and climbed the steep hill-side to reach the tram which runs to Hamburg through St. Pauli. Our route lay through the old part of the city. There were many quaint brick and timber houses, and sometimes the very cellars, in the less magnificent streets, were utilized as shops — their plate-glass windows on a level with the pavement.

The other excursion was to the Thiergarten, or, as we should style it at home, Zoological Gardens. The collection of animals had been represented by former English visitors as sur-

passing any in Europe. This, however, not even Hamburgers maintain. The gardens, nevertheless, are quite worthy of a visit, being well laid out and prettily planted, while the animals are numerous and well kept. It is unnecessary to dwell on the gruesome details of the lions' feeding time—the huge beasts purring like cats as they munched the bones they had snatched at with such ferocity—or upon the thrilling screams of the hyena, as he whirled round and round with his prize before crunching up huge ribs of beef as though they had been but biscuit. Rather would I touch upon the extraordinary sagacity of two of the many huge elephants which made their home in the gardens. One of them—Anton, the oldest of all—had acquired saving habits, and when pennies (or the Hamburg equivalent) were offered, kept them in his trunk as he continued to feed on his hay. When disposed for a change of diet, he rang for his keeper and purchased a roll with his money. The younger elephant, being as yet something of a spendthrift, rang his bell forthwith as soon as he received his penny. But when cigars were presented they both handed them at once to the keeper without expecting any return.

It was a strange sensation, as we left Hamburg to pursue our journey, to see oneself riding in the train through a crowded street, foot pas-

sengers and traffic being restrained for the time by the mere ringing of a bell to warn them of our approach.

The journey on this first day of our travels was a long one. Our next stage was in the Rhine country, and to reach it we flew for seven hours in our quick train along the hot and dusty track through Bremen, Oonabrück, and Dusseldorf to Cologne. Even there we could not afford to tarry, for our destination was further on, at a little town on the Rhine of no particular renown, where kind friends were expecting us. So with many a reluctant glance at the great Cathedral which loomed through the dusk of the September evening, hard by the station, we sped on for another five hours.

It was during the grateful rest afforded in this quiet corner of Rhineland that I was able to visit a most interesting relic of antiquity in the neighborhood. On a little island in the Rhine, known as Niederwerth, not far from Coblenz, stand the buildings of what was once a large Augustinian monastery. Its church is still used for Divine worship by the people of the island, though the Canons have long ago departed—driven away in the troubles of the early part of last century. Their cloister may still be seen, with tombs of many dead and gone Augustinians The refectory, cells, and other conventual build-

ings have degenerated into mere tenements for a laboring population.

The fourteenth-century church is full of interest. In a strong iron safe in the wall of the sanctuary, and behind a grille of iron bars are preserved many valuable relics, the most striking of them being the very skull-cap of the great St. Bernard of Clairvaux, which we priests were permitted to take into our hands for veneration. Many quaint statues, of much later date than the building, adorn the church. A window of sixteenth-century glass—much prized—represents a local saint, Bernard of Baden, who from a secular noble became a holy and distinguished prelate in his day.

The spectacle of a religious house, in such a thoroughly Catholic district, forlorn and desecrated, was saddening enough even to such as we who meet with a like example every day in our own land; unfortunately there are too many such in Germany. It was refreshing to turn to an instance of the opposite kind. The great Benedictine abbey of Maria-Laach, though not handed over, like Niederwerth, to secular uses, passed, during its later history, into the possession of another Religious Order—the Society of Jesus. The church, however, was kept closed—for it was government property—and the Jesuits were not permitted to have access to it. Some years

ago, after the expulsion of the Society from Germany, the old abbey was purchased again by the Benedictines, and through the intervention of influential friends the church also has since been restored to their keeping.

It was not the least of the many pleasures afforded by our journey through the Rhine country that we were privileged to spend some truly enjoyable days in that peaceful retreat.

II

MARIA-LAACH—ARENBERG

II

MARIA-LAACH—ARENBERG

THE autumn day was closing in as we drove up to the great archway of the Monastery of St. Mary by the Lake, or, as the Germans designate it, Maria-Laach. It forms an imposing group of buildings, with the varied towers and turrets and the massive bulk of its grand old Romanesque church dominating the whole.

For eight centuries the monastery has looked down from the high table-land near the great lake which has given the place its name. It was in 1093 that the Count Palatine Henry II, Lord of Laach, summoned from the Abbey of Afflighem, in Brabant, a colony of Benedictine monks to form the first community of the monastery which he had vowed to erect upon his lands in honor of the Blessed Trinity and St. Mary.

From age to age the Abbey of Laach continued to be a powerful influence for good to the whole district. When heresy began to show itself in the sixteenth century it was a stronghold of

Faith for the surrounding country. But evil times came; Napoleon in 1802 suppressed the abbey, and for ninety years the church stood desolate and forlorn. Although the German Jesuits were able, later on, to purchase the conventual buildings and the extensive property around them, they were never permitted to use the church. At length the time came when they, too, had to yield to persecution. The passing of the May Laws made it impossible for them to remain in the country, and Maria-Laach was again deserted.

Now, however, the abbey is once more teeming with life and activity. Day by day, at regular intervals, from the still hours of the early morning till nightfall, the strains of the Canonical Office fill the vaults of the ancient minster; while the studies of the monks and the various crafts practised by the lay brethren have resumed their wonted place in the daily routine.

A glorious building is this old abbey church of Laach! Few finer specimens of Romanesque architecture are to be met with in Germany. The beauty of its exterior is most striking; a Gothic dome is the chief feature, and is surrounded by many and varied towers, great and small. These towers held in the old days as many as twenty-five bells. The approach from the west is by a lovely arcading, forming three sides of a small quadrangle and leading to the two western doors of the

church. The small, round-headed arches of this *quasi* cloister are supported on slender round pillars of black marble.

The interior of the building has undergone much restoration and beautifying at the hands of monastic architects and artists. The venerable walls are of brown, smooth-dressed stone; the arches are relieved with occasional blue-black and white stones. In removing from the walls their thick coating of lime wash, the monks discovered some very interesting ancient frescoes on two of the westerly pillars; they represent respectively St. Benedict and St. Christopher.

As one enters by one of the western doors, the prominent object is the splendid canopied tomb of the founder, the Count Palatine Henry II. It stands upon a raised platform several steps higher than the nave, and is a very imposing work of art.

The lofty roof of the nave rests on massive circular pillars of brown stone which carry large circular arches. The spacious choir and sanctuary are raised considerably above the level of the rest of the building. They have been enriched of late years by a beautiful pavement of white, red, and yellow marble. In the choir are newly erected carved stalls of unpolished oak, backed by a solid screen of white stone and red and black marble. All the work has been de-

signed in the abbey and carried out by the Lay Brothers.

The prominent object in the somewhat dark-toned church is the magnificent altar of white marble, decorated with rich mosaic work, presented to the Benedictines at a cost of some £2000 ($10,000.00) by the German Emperor. Its shining whiteness is surmounted by a baldachin of marble and gilt metal, supported on porphyry columns.

The monastic buildings are less ancient than the church, but, nevertheless, full of interest. Like many ancient places which have undergone frequent restorations and modifications, they present many quaint features. One of these is the extraordinary variety of levels on which the buildings now stand. To a stranger, the unexpected flights of steps which confront one at every turn are perfectly bewildering. One could never determine when the ground floor had been reached—so intricate the progress.

Some of the public apartments, however, are of striking stateliness. The Chapter House, for example, has been entirely renovated and adorned by skilful hands. Its floor is of handsome mosaic work in red, yellow, and black. Its vaulted stone roof rests on slender round columns with carved capitals. A dado of oak and seats of the same run around the building.

The Refectory, in like manner, has undergone much improvement. Here also is a groined roof with handsome carved bosses and corbels. This floor, too, is of mosaic. The long, somewhat low building is none too large for the ever increasing monastic family. The Lay Brothers alone already number more than eighty.

The land belonging to the abbey is of considerable extent and is farmed by the monks themselves. Under the direction of the Fathers, many of the numerous Lay Brothers and about thirty farm laborers are constantly employed in this branch of the monastic industries. Saw-mills, brewery, bakery, the supervision of the electric installation, which supplies motive-power for much of the machinery and light for the whole establishment; the many arts practised in the workshops—carving, painting, glass-staining, and the like—all afford abundance of occupation for this family of busy workers.

In the gardens around the abbey stand more than one old chapel, as well as the ancient summer residence of the Abbots. One of the chapels, now known as St. Joseph's, is the original church which, under the dedication of St. Nicholas, sufficed for the little Community which first arrived from Afflighem. In one of these chapels the farm servants assemble every day to assist at Mass before going forth to work.

The lovely scenery amid which the buildings stand adds greatly to their attractiveness. The great lake, fringed with rushes and shaded by large trees, is always a thing of beauty. The varying heights of the surrounding hills, the view down to the lower ground in the direction of the railway, help to complete a charming picture.

Our visit could only be of limited extent, yet while it lasted it was rendered most enjoyable by the kindly courtesy with which the generous hospitality of the good monks was dispensed. When the time came to depart it was pleasant to make one's way leisurely on foot down the gentle incline to where Niedermendig nestles in the valley four miles away, with the station in its midst. Assiduous Brothers, driving their teams of plodding oxen, or guiding laden wagons, were already half through a morning's work, though the dew lay heavy on the grass, and a tingling of autumnal frost was still in the air as we once more resumed our journey and bade farewell to Maria-Laach.

Coblenz was soon reached; but our way for the present lay beyond it. For I had heard much of the interesting village of Arenberg, three miles away from that town, and was fired with the desire of visiting it. One of my companions was easily persuaded to join me, and together we mounted the steep footpath which leads past

vineyards and cornfields and orchards, till it joins once more the broad, shady carriage road which, in more roundabout fashion, climbs the somewhat lofty ascent.

Arenberg is but a small, insignificant village, yet it has become a place of some fame in that neighborhood, and attracts large numbers of visitors daily, during the temperate months of the year, to its parish church and adjacent grounds. Its former parish priest, Pastor Kraus, who died at an advanced age in 1893, expended, during many years of his life, much time, labor, and money in the erection of an extraordinary quantity of sacred statuary illustrative of the Passion of Our Lord, and the glories of His holy Mother; it is this pious collection—if we may so style it—which forms the attraction of the place.

The church is large, and with its two western towers and spires can be seen from a good distance. The walls within are almost entirely covered by small stones incrusted in cement. This feature will not commend itself to some minds; it gives to the church the air of a grotto. Yet one cannot help admiring the devotion which led the good priest to strive to beautify thus with his own hands the House of God. Many of the stones are geologically valuable. Over the arches of the nave are very fine frescoes by Molitor, a Düsseldorf artist of note; they rep-

resent the various stages of the Passion. The striking feature of the church, however, is the group of statues at the back of the altar. Calvary is there represented in a most realistic way. Great rocks rise on either side of the altar and behind it to half the height of the church, and upon them large palm trees are represented as growing, while creeping plants fringe the rocks with verdure. Our Lord on His cross is the central figure; on either side are the crosses containing the thieves, while in the foreground are the figures of Our Lady, St. John, Magdalen, the holy women, and the centurion who pierced Our Lord's side. An angel stands on either side, and two others by the altar. All the figures are of life-size, and are beautifully molded and colored in the Munich style. It is impossible to describe the effect of this really magnificent group in such a position. Those who hear Mass in this church must surely realize better than others the great mystery it commemorates.

In the baptistery are life-size statues of St. John baptizing Our Lord. In another part is represented the holy manger watched by an angel, and in another the death-bed of St. Joseph. Tinted glass in the windows helps to deepen the effect of reality which these beautiful groups produce in one's mind.

But the grounds near the church contain even

Abbey Church, Maria Laach.

The Refectory, Maria Laach Abbey.

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more interesting figures. The side of a small hill is laid out in terraces. The whole space has been cleverly planted with trees, shrubs, and hedges, and broken up with winding paths in such a way that one gets the impression of being in a very large expanse of garden-ground. At intervals, along the main path, are the Stations of the Cross, in bas-relief, colored. Guide-posts indicate the location of the various groups—such as "The Sacred Passion," "The Sorrows of Mary," "The Life of Our Lady," etc. The groups are all sheltered by little chapels, many of them covered with the same decoration of small stones (somewhat too symmetrically placed) which is to be seen in the church. The figures in the Passion group comprise the sleeping disciples in one chapel, the Agony of Our Lord in another, and in others the Kiss of Judas, the "Ecce Homo," the Scourging (this one is particularly fine), and many others. Some of the figures are of terra-cotta in one tint, others colored, but almost all —with a few unimportant exceptions—are really artistic and beautiful.

In the group representing the life of Our Lady is a very fine House of Nazareth. Looking into one window, the spectator sees St. Joseph at work in his carpenter's shop; from another window can be seen the Annunciation taking place in a separate little room. This is one of the

few chapels completely closed, in which the figures are rendered more realistic by subdued light through tinted glass. Among the other groups referring to Our Lady, the Presentation and the Espousals are the most beautiful. The figures in both are absolutely life-like.

In another part of the grounds is a representation of St. Francis of Assisi with two companions in a cave or hut, surrounded by animals, another charming little group, but surpassed by the single figure of St. Anthony standing in the open air by a pond, and represented in the act of blessing the fishes.

Besides the numerous large groups in separate chapels, there are many smaller bas-reliefs, illustrating the Mysteries of the Rosary, the Dolors of Our Lady, and the like. The size of the collection may be gathered from the fact that one cannot wind about the maze-like paths to visit the various groups in less time than an hour.

When refreshing ourselves afterwards in one of the many simple restaurants of the village—necessitated by the numerous visitors—on coffee and the provincial *zwetschen kuchen* (flat cakes with ripe plums baked atop) we learned that the good Pastor Kraus had bequeathed the entire collection to the village with the condition that no charge should be exacted from any one for visiting it.

To judge by the effect upon oneself and the pious demeanor of the visitors we saw, the result of a quiet contemplation of these objects of devotion must surely be most salutary.

III

COBLENZ—BOPPARD—MAYENCE

III

COBLENZ—BOPPARD—MAYENCE

COBLENZ derives its name from the Latin *confluentes*, for it stands at the confluence of the Rhine with the Moselle. The point of land where the rivers meet has been chosen for the site of a colossal monument to the Emperor William I, and a happy choice it is, for a more prominent position or a more picturesque one could scarcely have been found. The monument, seen at close quarters, is a truly noble work of art. The Emperor is seated on his favorite horse, and an angel leads with one hand the bridle of the steed, and in the other raises aloft the laurel crown of victory. Flights of massive granite steps lead up to the foot of the huge pedestal, which is itself a small tower pierced with galleries and staircases which lead to the very foot of the gigantic group of statuary. The figures are cast in bronze and are colossal in size. The leg of the angel, for example, is nearly as thick as a man's body. Yet, beautiful as these statues are when examined, the whole group, seen from a

little distance, is disappointing. One cannot tell whether the outstretched wings belong to the angel, the horse, or the emperor, and the mass of fluttering drapery from one of the figures confuses the sky-line.

What is really effective is the lavish extent of ground employed for the whole memorial. There is no economy of space; all is on a scale of vast magnificence. Flight after flight of granite steps, wide expanses of granite pavement and a massive parapet of the same material surrounding the whole produce an effect of real grandeur. But this also can only be realized at somewhat close proximity.

Across the Rhine, towering up from the right bank, is a monument of another kind, the famous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. To reach it from Coblenz one has to cross the curious bridge of boats, 485 feet in length, which spans the river at that point. Portions of this bridge can be detached by the steaming away of certain of the small iron vessels that form its support; thus a passage is opened up the river for craft plying upon it. The small town of Ehrenbreitstein lies at the foot of the great crag which bears the fortress from which it takes its name. Ehrenbreitstein (broad stone of honor) was originally an ancient Roman fort. It is perched on its rock, 468 feet high, and is now practically impreg-

Boppard.

Mayence.

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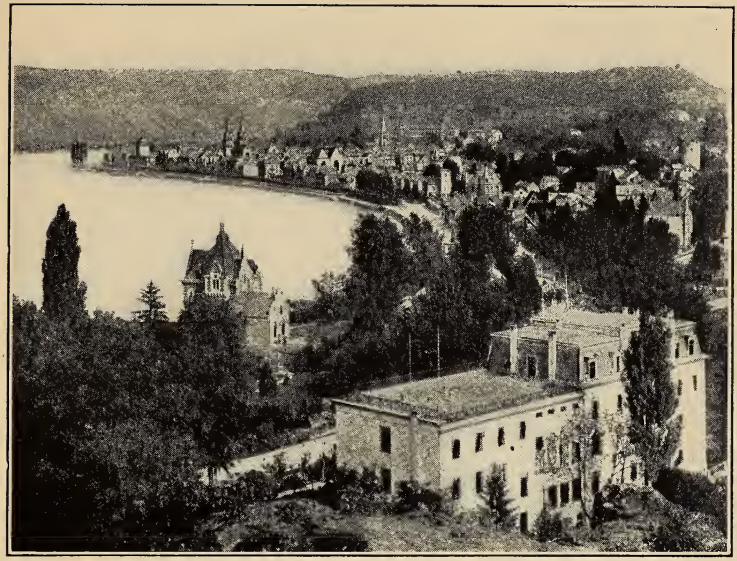
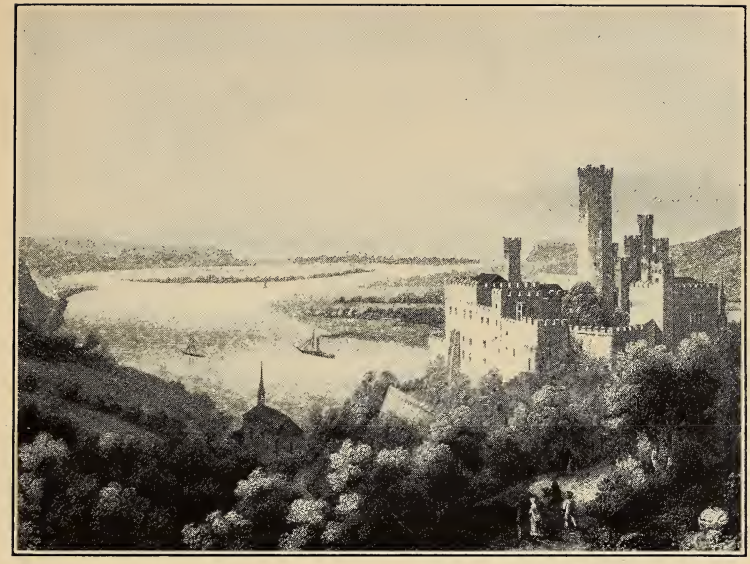


BOPPARD.

MAYENCE.

CASTLE OF STOLZENFELS.

THE BRIDGE OF BOATS AT EHRENBREITSTEIN.



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nable. It is said to be the strongest position in Europe next to Gibraltar. Though its natural beauties are of a different order, its picturesque situation may claim to rival that of the Mediterranean stronghold. After sustaining unsuccessful attacks from the French in 1632 and 1638, it succumbed to the army of the Revolution in 1799. Prussia regained and rebuilt it after Waterloo, and now it is capable of holding 14,000 men. The grim old crag, crowned with its tiers of bristling fortifications and massive battlements, seen, as we saw it, in the clear light of a September noon, formed a picture not easily to be forgotten. Ehrenbreitstein is by no means the only protection of Coblenz. The town is surrounded on every side by extensive fortifications, and is in fact one of the strongest places in Prussian territory.

There are many interesting churches in the city. The finest of all is that of St. Castor, familiarly known as "Castor Kirche." While the French held Coblenz they turned this church into barracks for their soldiers; later on it was used for municipal purposes; now, however, it is again devoted to its original sacred uses. St. Castor's is a large and very fine Gothic church with two western spires. The interior was still undergoing decoration when we visited it; we found the nave obstructed by scaffolding

which was being used for the purpose of completing the very fine modern frescoes which adorn the clerestory and the space beneath it. The whole of the wall space is glowing with color; even the lofty groined roof bears a design in white and blue. In the sanctuary some beautiful medieval tombs, bearing recumbent figures, were resplendent with scarlet and gold. The whole effect is one of great magnificence, but to my mind there was too much elaboration. The eye was bewildered with the variety of colors and constant change of design. The colors, too, were somewhat bright in many instances. It is quite possible, though, that the decoration is merely a restoration of medieval designs, and in that case criticism would be out of place.

Our next halt was at Boppard, a quiet little town on the left bank of the Rhine, about nine miles from Coblenz. Here there was much to interest a traveler. The natural beauties of the place, to begin with, are many. The heights above the river—vine-clad, mostly—are very picturesque, and are made more so by the various ancient castles which crown them. Of these Stolzenfels—a few miles off—is a good example. The river, too, winds about here in continual curves and twists, and is no unimportant factor in the lovely scenery.

Here are churches galore! It grieves one,

though, to see some put to ignoble uses. The old Franciscan church, for example, serves as a tecture hall in the training college for schoolmasters which now occupies the ancient monastery; only the upper part of the sacred building —a mere loft with a groined roof—is devoted to its original purpose. The Carmelite church is still in use, though the Friars have long ago been banished. The lovely old black oak stalls in the choir are carved with statues of saints and decorated with floral designs and with figures of grotesque animals. They are considered some of the finest specimens of carving in Germany. There is an ancient carved *Pietà* in the body of the church which is very quaint and interesting; it is in the stiff style of early 15th century work.

In the one aisle was a feature which puzzled us much. Two of the carved stone heads supporting the groinings of the roof are said to be likenesses of Luther and Catherine Bora, the nun who for his sake broke her religious vows. How they got into the architectural features of a Catholic church no one attempted to explain. My private opinion (which I kept to myself) was that a fancied resemblance to the two notorieties, and nothing more tangible, had originated the tradition. The monastic buildings attached to this church have been utilized as parish schools,

and the old cloisters ring during playtime with children's voices.

The parish church had only recently been thoroughly restored, and as in the case of other churches in the neighborhood the mural decoration had been renewed in accordance with the traces found of the original designs and colors. The effect, though somewhat brilliant, is on the whole very pleasing. The somewhat dim lighting of the church tones down the colors which, as at Castor Kirche, Coblenz, are sometimes rather demonstrative. Every inch of the interior, walls and roof, glows with color and gilding. The sanctuary is, of course, more elaborate than the rest; the harmony of colors there produces an effect of striking richness and beauty. The altar itself—elaborately carved and colored—is a thing of beauty. In the south wall of the chancel we found an interesting shrine of holy relics.

In the process of restoration the architect had the good fortune to discover under the plaster traces of valuable frescoes of the twelfth or thirteenth century. Some of these have been cleverly reproduced. One, over the arches of the nave, represents in vivid colors the chief incidents in the life of the patron, St. Severus, a holy Italian weaver who was raised to the episcopate, being singled out from his fellows by the supernatural incident of a dove alighting

upon his shoulder when the appointment of a Bishop was under consideration.

Another of these paintings was on the ceiling of one bay of the south aisle. Its subject could not be accurately deciphered. It represented in one panel the martyrdom of a number of soldiers, armed like Crusaders, because they refused to worship a pagan idol. Another division bore upon it the picture of St. Giles and the hart. It gave us some idea of the patient research needed to complete these ancient works of art, when we examined one of the frescoes still unrestored. The broken outlines and faint patches of color which had been originally discovered had been partly connected by pencil drawing. so that out of a mass of chaotic details order and design were gradually emerging.

All down the nave, over the arches, were quaint medieval symbols—the pelican, the peacock, the lion, etc. On either side of the western arch were the unusual figures of conventional elephants. What they symbolized I could not make out. The airy lightness of their gambols and the comic twist of their medieval trunks made a very grotesque picture.

Not the least of the pleasant recollections of this pretty little town is the remembrance of the Mass said in the charming Ursuline Convent. The Gothic chapel, so beautifully decorated in

gold and colors, its carved and painted altar forming a fitting center to its exquisite adornments, is worthy of the noble building of which it forms a part.

From Boppard we sped on to Mayence. We had a long journey before us next day, and could only manage to say Mass by sleeping in that city. We were hospitably lodged by the good Capuchin Fathers in their convent, situated in the Himmelgasse. The little street justified its name, which signifies "Way to Heaven," for there could be no doubt of its extreme narrowness, and it is from this fact that it derives its name. One moderately wide cab was enough to fill it from pavement to pavement. It was in this convent that I had the first experience of a custom familiar enough in after stages of our journey. All the doors bore certain mysterious chalk signs which much puzzled me—C.+M.+B.+. It was only when—mastered by curiosity—I begged for an explanation, that I was able to connect them with a certain blessing in the Roman ritual—*Benedictio Cretae in Festo Epiphaniae*, the blessing of chalk on the Feast of the Epiphany. The letters represented the traditional initials of the three holy kings, who are thus invoked to defend their clients from harm.

There was little time to explore Mayence, for our train left at nine o'clock next morning.

Under the guidance of a kindly Capuchin I managed, nevertheless, to inspect some of the lions. The Dom—the glorious old Romanesque Cathedral—was the chief object of interest. One longed for more time to examine its magnificent carvings and splendid monuments.

A remarkable feature of the building is that there is an altar and choir at either end. One of them is devoted to parish services, and there the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. The choir has some finely carved black oak stalls in renaissance style. The choir at the west end is for the Chapter services and the Bishop pontificates there. It had only lately been restored. Its altar is under a beautiful stone baldachin and stands at a much higher level than the nave, being approached by flights of steps on either side. The whole is surmounted by a fine dome. There are cloisters near the Cathedral containing many interesting relics of demolished churches of the neighborhood. One of the side chapels—detached from the church—contained some extraordinarily fine carved stalls, ornamented in great profusion with grotesque animals and rich foliage. In the same chapel was some splendid Gobelin tapestry. It was a relief to see at one of the side altars, where Mass was going on, a server vested in neat black cassock and plain white surplice. Everywhere else one was confronted

with vivid scarlet cassocks, much lace on the surplices and a scarlet tippet on the shoulders bedecked with many tassels, as the ordinary garb of an acolyte.

The church of the Seminary, which we also visited, was spacious and rich, but ugly in style. It had formerly belonged to Augustinians and the adjoining cloisters—like too many others—have been turned to other uses.

It appeared that there was much to be seen in the interesting old city, but railway trains are exigent and we had to tear ourselves away to journey on towards South Germany.

IV

HECHINGEN

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THROUGH Darmstadt, and on through Heidelberg and Stuttgart, we journeyed on that bright September day, with only a brief pause at each place, and towards afternoon reached our destination—the quiet country town of Hechingen, in Hohenzollern, where friends had offered hospitality. It is a tantalizing feature of some German railways that the authorities seem to have carefully arranged to conceal, as far as may be, the name of each particular station. One sees no lamps or benches or huge placards informing the inquiring traveler of his whereabouts; as a rule the name of the station occurs once, and that on the building itself, and generally in a position where it can least be detected. It is true the name is shouted by an official, but the result of that arrangement is as successful as it is with ourselves.

A stay at Hechingen had many charms. In the first place it is in a thoroughly Catholic district. Every tiny child who meets one in

the street walks gravely up to the priest to take his hand in reverent salutation. Every grown-up person (with few exceptions—and perhaps they are Jews, who number some members there) and every child of riper years repeats the Christian greeting "Praised be Jesus Christ," or the more secular one of "Good morning," or "Good evening." The priest's cassock or the monk's habit are objects of respect rather than of curiosity to these devout Germans. We had met with almost the same courtesy in Rhineland, but here it seemed to be more general.

In the second place Hechingen is a thoroughly picturesque town. From my bedroom window could be seen on the one hand a lofty round-topped hill, clad with forest trees, and rising abruptly from the plain. On its summit shone out the brown stone battlements and towers, the gilded pinnacles and high-pitched roofs of Hohenzollern, the cradle of the now imperial race. Seen in the waning light of evening the old *schloss* looked like some fairy palace, perched up among the many tinted clouds on its wooded heights.

On another side I could get a glimpse of the upper part of the little town. White walls, interlaced with beams, and surmounted by red roofs of every shape and shade, rose one above the other on the side of the steep ascent, and at the

summit the quaint pagoda-like tower of the parish church formed the apex. This, too, was a picture worthy of a painter.

Nor did the place lose anything of its picturesqueness on closer acquaintance. A morning's climb up the steep road revealed many new charms. So steep is the ascent that in some places the pavement is a veritable staircase of stone-paved steps. There was a market going on round about the church, and the place was all astir. On the lower ground I had passed through groups of pigs and cattle, and threaded my way through numerous wagons drawn by oxen, which impeded progress. Here on the heights were other kinds of merchandise—hardware, eatables, and above all, boots and shoes were being vended from the lines of stalls on either side the carriage road, and down by the church wall. Here and there a friendly doorstep formed a convenient seat from which to try on a probable purchase, while friendly neighbors stood around and gave unsolicited, but unresented, opinions as to quality and fit.

The parish church proved to be rather a fine building in classical style. It is only about a hundred years old, and was erected by the Prince of Hohenzollern. It had lately been restored and looked quite new and shining. There were some lovely stalls of inlaid work in the sanctuary.

This church is the recognized place of burial for the family. A winding road leads by an easier descent from the hill whereon the church stands to the lower part of the little town. I can recall vividly the whizz of myriad grasshoppers which greeted my ears on this downward path on an appallingly hot day. With the thermometer at something like 80 degrees in the shade, and the whole country white and parched in the sun, the sound suggested that the earth was simmering in the intense heat. And for two or three days the heat lasted, till the blessed rain came to cool the air and to disperse the vicious mosquito-like gnats that had made our nights a terror.

There were other interesting churches in the town besides the parish church. One quaint little place I discovered on the lower ground containing a statue of the Holy Infant of Prague—a favorite devotion in these parts—much decorated with jewels and enclosed in a glass case.

There were no less than three Houses of St. Vincent's Sisters of Charity in that little place. One was the hospital, and it was in the chapel there that I always said Mass. It was a curious little semi-circular building with a dome over the altar; needless to say it was shiningly clean and neat in every particular. It was in this hospital that we visited more than once a poor Italian youth who had come

there to work as a navvy on the railway. He was dying of heart disease among total strangers who knew but a few words of his native tongue, yet he was quite resigned and happy in the midst of terrible sufferings and grateful to the good Sisters for their loving care. He had no living relatives, and therefore no ties to bind him longer to life. Before many weeks had passed he had gone to his reward. I believe a second House of the same Order was also a hospital, and a third was an orphanage. All of them had been endowed by a Prince of Hohenzollern.

Wandering about one afternoon I came upon a little inn in the outskirts, bearing the sign "Zum Klösterle"—"The Little Monastery." It recalled to my mind what one of our friends had remarked, that there was a very interesting Franciscan church just outside the town. This seemed to be the indication of its whereabouts. Opposite to the inn stood one of the little way-side chapels, so common in Catholic Germany, containing a *Pietà* and many statues and prints of different saints of varying sizes and all very highly colored, protected by an iron grating.

Several countrywomen with market baskets were telling their beads within as I entered to pay my devotions and then inspect. A statue of St. Francis confirmed my hopes that I was on the right track, and I turned up the pretty,

secluded lane, shaded by tall chestnut trees all in a row, which led off from the main road close to the chapel. Presently I came to an "Ecce Homo," carved and colored, and protected by a wooden shrine with an overhanging roof and an iron grille in front. By-and-by appeared Stations of the Cross in the same style, placed at intervals beside the paved path. Each was protected by its own little wooden building, with grating in front, and each had a low wooden kneeling bench before it. The representations were in high relief, carved from wood and brilliantly colored. They were very quaint, though not inartistic. The chief figures were generally very pleasing, but the executioners were exceptionally grotesque. Their murderous, scowling faces bore mustaches which suggested the villains of a "penny gaff" theater. Some of them were shooting out their tongues in derision. Though they were calculated to provoke a criticizing smile, they were really very effective as villains, and no doubt the artist, by treating His tormentors in so realistic a style, had intended to convey a vivid impression of the cruelty with which Our Blessed Lord was treated on that sorrowful journey, as well as of the malice of sinners in causing the Passion.

At last the church itself appeared, peeping from its sheltering trees. At the entrance of the

churchyard was a larger chapel containing an altar. On either side the door was a large figure in a niche, protected also by a grating. They were the penitents, Peter and Magdalen. I am bound to say with truth that neither of them impressed me. The latter especially was decidedly wanting in beauty, although her bright robes and the strings of gold beads round her neck would probably atone for the defect with less critical worshippers. Within this chapel was a large figure of the Dead Christ to form the last Station, while upon an open terrace over it, approached by a flight of steps, a large crucifix, with life-sized figures of Our Lady and St. John, represented the twelfth Station. A fifteenth, representing St. Helen with the Cross, commonly met with in Germany, was to be seen in its proper position here also.

I saw few sanctuaries in Germany which affected me more than this little, deserted Franciscan church. Its faithful ministers had long ago been driven away; their monastery now formed part of a brewery whose huge brick buildings arose hard by, belching out clouds of steam and smoke. Only a portion of the old cloister seemed to be in connection with the church, as a sort of impromptu sacristy. The little place looked very touching in its abandonment. Mass was no longer said there daily; I think one of the

clergy went from the parish church once during each week. But St. Francis' Day was at hand, so it was swept and garnished for the High Mass and sermon which the clergy of Hechingen would celebrate in honor of the Patron's festival. The six deserted confessionals would—some of them —be in use on the occasion, and for a time the life which once animated the place would revive.

What a quaint old church it was! Besides the high altar there were three others—one on either side the chancel-arch, and one in a side-chapel in honor of St. Anthony. The latter was surmounted by a large, faded painting of the Wonder Worker, framed—perhaps for the coming *festa*—with a wreath of evidently artificial roses, with intensely pink blossoms and vividly green leaves, which served to obscure still more the dim outlines of the saint. Over his own altar was a representation of St. Francis receiving the stigmata—red cords from the wounds on the large altar-crucifix being stretched to those of the saint. There were at least two, if not three, statues of Our Lady. The chief one, over the high altar, was dressed in quite a modern-looking gown of pale blue silk with rather a tight waist, much trimmed with silver. The statue was also adorned with frizzed, flaxen hair, appearing from the front of the lace veil which covered the head, and this, with the strands

of gilded beads round the neck, helped to accentuate the modern appearance of the figure, which, to my taste, looked less calculated to inspire devotion than anything in the church. An ancient Madonna of dark wood, in another part of the sanctuary, shrouded in a lace window-curtain, and with a veritable bunch of votive rosaries in the hand of the Holy Child, was, in my opinion, far preferable.

Round the little church, high on the walls—it had no aisles—were large stucco figures of Our Lady, St. John, St. Helen with the Cross, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Lawrence, and St. Sebastian. From inscriptions over them it was evident that they represented the Seven Stational Churches of Rome—St. Mary Major, St. John Lateran, Sta. Croce, St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. Lawrence's, and St. Sebastian's. Probably the indulgences of the Stations could be gained in this, as in many Franciscan churches.

Upon the altar were six huge reliquaries—so large that they almost shook my faith in the authenticity of the relics they held, for there seemed to be a whole body, skull included, in each one, to judge from the size and number of the bones displayed by their glass fronts.

Everywhere were paper roses galore, many of them very much faded; bouquets of them stood between the high altar candlesticks, and garlands

of them adorned pictures. These and some of the other decorations, such as green and pink painting in imitation of marble on the altar frontal and the choir stalls—too evidently artificial to deceive even a child—were rather a shock to one's taste. Full-grown angels too—perched (like circus-riders on a bare-backed steed) on the extreme edge of cornices to altars—with floating blue robes, revealing a good deal of bare limb, and large gilded wings unfurled for flight, were somewhat trying to one's gravity.

Yet, in spite of its renaissance architecture and the atrocious taste of some of its fittings, I loved the dear old place. The spirit of the "poor man of Assisi" seemed to clothe it with a charm which made all these minor trivialities of little account. Luckily our tastes are not all identical, and no doubt many of the simple souls who come here to pray find an incentive to devotion in objects which to the more worldly mind savor rather of the ridiculous than the sublime.

Some such simple souls I met as I wended my way homeward. Several groups were making the Stations of the Cross; a man or two, with the female members of the family, forming each. It was curious to note that though all joined with devotion in the vocal prayers—rosary in hand—it was generally the woman (perhaps the *hausfrau* or mistress of the house) who with

more or less difficulty spelled out the prescribed formulas from a well-thumbed prayer-book, while the rest devoutly listened.

It required quite a wrench to tear oneself away from Hechingen, so many and varied were its attractions—the society of its courteous clergy, the charming simplicity of its good religious, the geniality of its people, the ever-changing aspects of its lovely scenery, the quaintness of its buildings. But other engagements pressed upon us, and the day dawned all too soon which saw us take our places reluctantly in the train which was to whirl us along, far from the sight of Hechingen perched on its breezy height, and Hohenzollern on its sister hill, and carry us into far different scenes and surroundings in the wild, secluded valley of the infant Danube.

V

BEURON

V

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A JOURNEY of but a few hours brought us into the little station of Beuron. The creamy white walls and red roofs of the great Benedictine abbey—the prominent object in the village—were not unfamiliar, for I had visited Beuron eight years before. Those years, however, had left their record in added wings and extended farm buildings—signs of growth in the number of inmates and advance in material prosperity which it was pleasant to see. The monastery is the mother house of a flourishing Benedictine Congregation possessing abbeys in Belgium, England, Bohemia, and Styria, besides others in Germany, and having under its jurisdiction a monastery in Jerusalem, another in Portugal and a missionary Congregation working in German East Africa—a full record for the half century since it was founded.

At first sight it would seem that Beuron had set aside the axiom which makes Bernard choose the valleys and Benedict the hills, for it is decidedly

in a valley, hemmed round by the wooded heights which border the course of the Danube. The fact is it is only since it came into the possession of its present owners that Beuron has been Benedictine. True, there was a cell of the great monastery of St. Gall, which bore the name of Purron, standing on a hill not far away in the eighth century, but two hundred years later it was destroyed by an incursion from Hungary. In 1077 a nobleman built on the present site a monastery for Austin Canons, who came here from Kreuzlingen and dedicated it to St. Martin. The Canons in their turn were driven out under Napoleon's régime and for sixty years the monastery was deserted. When the second Archabbot Wolter and his brother, the Founder of the Congregation, both deceased, were desirous of restoring Benedictine life in Prussia, the buildings at Beuron were procured for them by the Princess Catherine of Hohenzollern.

Driven out by the May Laws, the monks took refuge in England, Belgium, and Austria, where the abbeys then founded still flourish in great vigor. But the time of persecution passed away; the monks returned and peopled Beuron again—only the stronger for the brief period of repression and exile.

Beuron is not a beautiful monastery to look at. The Canons in raising the later buildings

on the old site looked more to utility than picturesqueness of form. Externally, therefore, the abbey is a large group of three-storied buildings, branching out in many directions and with scarcely any decorative features to commend them. Even the church was exteriorly a very plain building with "onion-topped" tower and large circular-headed windows, though it has since been adorned by the monastic artists. The tower bears on one of its faces a colossal fresco of St. Joseph with Our Lord in his arms—a beautiful devotional painting, an *ex voto*, as an inscription testifies, upon the happy return of the community from exile. The façade of the church has also undergone much decoration. It now bears some very fine paintings of various Benedictine saints in its pillared portico and on the west gable end, and these have added greatly to its appearance. This portion in form and general features bears some resemblance to the ancient type of Roman churches seen in such buildings as S. Maria in Trastevere and others.

The interior has been rendered quite beautiful in spite of the difficulties presented by the ugly renaissance style of its architecture. For the advent of more than one distinguished artist to Beuron in the comparatively early days of the foundation made possible the formation of a school of art there which has produced many

striking works of great beauty. Some of the best of these are to be seen in the decoration of the high altar and in the various altar-pieces round the church. The figures represented show great beauty of form and are painted in a style suggestive of the school of Fra Angelico. Even those who have criticized the Beuron artists most vigorously for their severe restraint of style are bound to confess that their pictures are redolent of the spirit of Faith and fervor, and often produce an impression on the beholder which is wanting in many works of far higher merit.

It is impossible for even a casual observer not to be struck with the grace and dignity which breathe from some of the paintings in the abbey church at Beuron. The Coronation of Our Lady over the high altar is one of the most striking. No colors are used except the necessary flesh tints and a little gray shading in the draperies (which are all white) and the purple tint of the clouds which float over the pale gold background. Only two figures appear: Our Lord on one side leans towards His Mother seated opposite as He holds over her bent head an imperial crown. The whole composition breathes an unusual air of spiritual beauty. The Crucifixion group, too, over one of the side altars, is very striking. Here also is a restraint of color which produces

a sense of mourning and desolation. The clouded sky, the dull purple and gray robes of Our Lady, the intense sadness of figure and feature in both Mary and John are very impressive. In every picture one sees a special charm; a spiritualized beauty of face, perfectly formed majestic figures, and a wonderful harmony of colors all tend to produce a truly striking effect. One feels attracted—almost riveted—by a beauty which is more than earthly.

Not only in their paintings but in their mural decorations also have these artists succeeded in transforming a very ordinary building into one of unusual charm. Some of the original frescoes of the stuccoed roof have been allowed to remain, for they portray the history of the Augustinian foundation. When examined they are found to be crude in design and gaudy in tint, yet so skilfully has the color-scheme of the walls been worked out that they are comparatively unobtrusive.

This church is, in a small way, a place of pilgrimage. All through the summer months crowds of peasants from all the country round flock there on Sundays and Feast-days to pay their devotions to Our Lady of Beuron, for the quaint statue—probably dating from the fourteenth century—of Our Lady of Dolors with the Dead Christ in her lap, which stands over the marble

Lady Altar in the nave, has the reputation of being miraculous. Since 1660 it has stood there, the center of much devotion. For two hundred years indeed before that date its fame had spread far and wide, but when a Swedish army ravaged the country, the precious statue had to be carried off for safety to Irendorf, a village on the neighboring heights, where it remained till brought back by the Canons in more peaceful days.

It is a striking spectacle to see the hundreds of devout pilgrims in the varied national costumes, crowding the church for the various hours of the Divine Office on some special festival and approaching the Sacraments with the greatest devotion. From four o'clock in the morning, when the monks sing Matins, till Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament after Vespers, the church is thronged on such days. The confessionals are often besieged from five a.m. till noon, and Holy Communion is continually being given. On an ordinary Sunday in summer the number of those who approach the sacraments will amount to eight hundred, and on greater Feasts there have been as many as a thousand. It has been found necessary during the last few years to provide several new confessionals in addition to those already in use to facilitate the administration of the Sacraments to the ever-increasing number of pilgrims.

Although the abbey, as I have said, is a somewhat plain building, it has been ornamented interiorly by the same skilful hands which have adorned the church. The cloisters bear many strikingly beautiful mural paintings and the great refectory—built some twenty years ago—is most artistic both in design and decoration.

The community of the monastery is larger than in any other House of the Congregation, numbering about a hundred and fifty members. For Beuron stands in the center of an intensely Catholic district and vocations are plentiful. Yet, in spite of their numbers, all are well occupied. The regular and orderly celebration of the Offices of the Church, which are carried out with much splendor of ceremonial on Feast-days, and are daily celebrated with more or less solemnity, occupy much of the day. Then the confessional duties are very heavy, especially during the summer. Artistic and literary work fill up the remainder of the time of some, the care of souls occupies others—for the abbey church is that of the parish. The many Lay Brothers are employed on the extensive farm as well as in the baking, brewing, tailoring required for so large a family, not to mention the care of the large gardens and the exercise of various crafts. The whole institution, as well as the church, is lighted by electricity.

The scenery amid which the abbey stands is of a most imposing description. On either side of the valley rise giant heights, for the most part clothed with forests. At intervals, from out the thick verdure, a giant pillar-like cliff rears its huge bulk. Many of these rocks have been named by the monks in honor of St. Peter, St. Benedict, etc., and on one of the highest they have planted a cross which is visible for many miles. Down the narrow valley the Danube—merely a mill-stream here—winds in many a curve through the meadow and pasture lands which lie on either side.

A climb to Ihrendorf, perched up on rocky heights, is good exercise for the walker. The two churches there have been beautifully decorated by Beuron artists. One can descend again by a steep path down the face of the wooded cliff to the bank of the river near the grange belonging to the abbey, where some of the Lay Brothers, under charge of one of the Fathers, are employed in working the farm.

Near the grange is the beautiful little chapel of St. Maurus, frescoed within and without with lovely forms and harmonious colors. It was built by the Princess Catherine of Hohenzollern, foundress of Beuron, as an *ex voto*. She attributed her recovery from what was feared to be a fatal malady to the intercession of St. Maurus, which

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The Abbey Library, Beuron.

had been invoked in her regard by means of the blessing, peculiar to the Benedictine Order, known by his name. The chapel is in its present position on account of the proximity of the cottage residence known as The Grange, which was formerly a favorite summer resort of the Princess.

Of interesting walks there is no lack in the neighborhood of Beuron. On one side of the valley is Schloss Wildenstein, a beautiful old house embowered in woods at the top of a veritable mountain height. To reach it one has to climb a winding road amid splendid birch trees, shooting up to an incredible height from the low ground.

On the opposite bank is Werenwag, another quaint old building, once a castle, now an inn. Round it are grouped the houses of a tiny village. From a window one looks down through a precipitous gulley in the great rocks almost to the level of the river—a sight to make one giddy!

I have pleasing recollections of the pious reverence of the good peasants here for the person of a priest or religious. One never went through the streets of the village but the children came up to offer the customary salute while gravely taking the priest's hand. In the country parts they would sometimes run up to present a little bunch of flowers from their cottage garden, gathered and arranged as one approached the place.

I noticed no very distinctive costume among the Beuron people. Perhaps the railway, which linked them with their capital—Sigmaringen—not long after the return of the monks from exile, may have destroyed some primitive traditions. Among the pilgrims, however, were many strikingly characteristic modes of dress. The Black Forest women, for instance, cherished a peculiar head-dress surmounting their long hanging plaits of hair; it consists of a triangular cap, covered with gold embroidery, from the back of which depended two broad black ribbons to the very heels of the wearer. Others had handkerchiefs of various colors over their heads, while large lace-trimmed aprons of the brightest hue—scarlet, blue or green—enlivened their black dresses.

The few pleasant days we spent at Beuron were brought to an end by an engagement into which I had previously entered to attend in the post of chaplain a German prelate who was about to pay a visit to his birthplace—a small village in Wurttemberg—under circumstances of unusual interest, calculated to afford an insight into some special phases of German Catholic life.

VI

IN A WURTTEMBERG VILLAGE

VI

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THE soft sunshine of an October afternoon shone upon the cluster of monastic buildings down in the valley as our carriage mounted slowly up the wooded hill which lay between Beuron and our destination some fifteen miles away.

A lucky chance had made me the companion for the time being of a high ecclesiastical dignitary. It had been arranged that all the inhabitants of his native village who had that year attained to the age of fifty—and among them he was reckoned—should join together in a special celebration of the event. It had given great joy to his fellow-jubilarians that a prelate should deign to take part in their festivities; for in the country parts of Catholic Germany any priest is regarded with the greatest reverence, and an ecclesiastic of higher rank meets with a demonstration of respect such as we in our Protestant lands seldom offer. This was to be brought home to me in a striking way.

Our road lay through most picturesque scenes. Up and down hill we drove, now skirting the deep bank of some little river, now passing through a thick pine forest; at times overshadowed by great wooded heights, and then again mounting to cross some hilly ridge to gain another valley.

By the wayside were frequent wooden crosses or tiny shrines containing a statue of Our Lady or of some local saint; everywhere one realized that the Catholic Faith was predominant—nay, rather in sole possession—among these hills and vales.

About six miles from our destination occurred the first event in our solemn reception. By the churchyard wall of the village we found a little crowd assembled. The parish priest was to the fore and spoke a few words of welcome. Then a deputation appeared to escort us on our way. No less than six carriages, each drawn by a pair of horses and containing the notables of the village to which we were journeying, were waiting in gala dress to do us honor.

We departed accordingly in processional order, with our carriage in the wake of that containing the chief dignitaries, while the others followed. As we neared the village the church bells rang out in welcome and there was a salute of cannon —or of their equivalent. As we passed down the village street the people crowded to doors

and casements to wave a welcome. Windows on every side were gay with flags, and wreaths of evergreens and flowers decorated the front of every cottage. Near the church we all alighted; for a priest in surplice and stole, accompanied by a small crowd of little altar-boys in all the glory of scarlet cassocks and lace-trimmed cottas, was awaiting us. A procession was formed to the church porch, cross and banners preceding us, and, before entering the building, incense and holy water were offered according to the usual rite of receiving a prelate. After the customary prayers in the sanctuary, the people having crowded into the body of the church the priest spoke a few words of welcome and asked his Lordship to impart his blessing to all. This being done, we made our way to the house of the parish priest, not far from the church, where we were to be lodged. Thither we proceeded in solemn state as before, cross and candles and banners borne in front, cannons booming, bells pealing, and the horses of the deputation, unused to the unwonted clamor, almost endangering our lives by their lively plunging and starting. The priest who had received us was not the pastor of the village; the latter had not returned from a recent visit to Rome, and it was his absence that had rendered my presence necessary. For I was to sing the *Missa Cantata* on the following

day when his Lordship was to preach. The parish priest's representative, however, presided with the utmost cordiality at our reception and arranged for our hospitable entertainment at the clergy-house.

It was while we were at supper on that same evening that the next event on the programme occurred. At about 7.30 the strains of a part-song, very well rendered, rose from the garden below. We went to the window and found the balcony outside, as well as the front of the presbytery, illuminated with Chinese lanterns and hung with flags and garlands. A goodly crowd had assembled below and in their midst were the members of the church choir discoursing sweet music as a kind of serenade to the distinguished guest.

After the song a speech of welcome was delivered by the conductor of the music. Its eloquence was marred, I regret to say, by sundry private displays of fireworks by juvenile members of the deputation on the edge of the crowd, who evidently intended to show their interest in the proceedings, even though they had not been asked either to sing or to speak.

After three *hochs* (or cheers, as we should say) for their visitor, and more singing, diversified by sudden intermittent blazes of rockets, squibs, and the like, the assembly dispersed.

The following day, Rosary Sunday, was charmingly fine and bright, and from an early hour visitors from neighboring parishes poured into the village to join in the popular rejoicing. The chief Mass was at nine o'clock. A few minutes before, according to the instructions of the venerable sacristan, who was somewhat nervous and flurried from the weight of his unusual responsibilities, I vested in alb and stole and set off with the aforesaid escort of acolytes vested in scarlet and lace and bearing cross, candles, and banners to conduct "Herr Prelat" from the presbytery to the church. The usual bell-ringing and cannon-firing which accompanied the movements of the distinguished guest broke out anew to herald our approach.

In the church porch holy water and incense were offered as yesterday. The service commenced with the *Asperges*, then came the sermon, and the Mass followed. According to custom on great Feasts, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed during Mass and Benediction given both before and after. The latter rite—very different from our own—was strange to a foreigner. The priest, enveloped in the humeral veil, stood facing the people with the monstrance in his hand and intoned the first words of the hymn *Pange Lingua*. This the choir and people took up and at the conclusion of the strophe the Bene-

diction was given amid the ringing of bells within and without the sacred building. At the end of Mass the ceremony was repeated, except that the *Tantum Ergo* was substituted for the former verse of the hymn.

The singing astonished me. The music was of the Ratisbon school in four parts—a style suggestive of Palestrina—and was very well rendered. The really good organ was well played, too. Moreover, the whole Mass was sung throughout—a feature very unusual even yet in too many churches in our own land, where the choir is often content with performing a showy *Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus,* and *Agnus Dei,* without giving a thought to the *proprium* of the Mass. Yet, in this obscure German village, a chorister with a pleasing baritone voice rendered accurately and tastefully the *Introit, Alleluia,* and other portions from the plain chant Graduale.

The day happened to be the anniversary of the birthday of the Queen of Wurttemberg; consequently the Mass was followed by a *Te Deum,* during which the cannons without thundered away lustily and the bells clanged out from the steeple.

It was amusing to discover afterwards that a spruce, military-looking individual in the sanctuary stalls, whom I had taken for an officer in the army at least, was merely a sort of head-

gamekeeper and a Protestant withal, who had come to be present at the thanksgiving service —for there was no Protestant place of worship in the district—as a loyal servant of the State!

When the jubilarian festivities had been becomingly ushered in by religious rites it was but fitting that a more secular celebration should follow. Accordingly at mid-day we betook ourselves to the chief inn—the "Golden Crown," or the "Eagle," whichever it may have been—for the festal banquet. The best room had been gaily adorned with festoons of ivy and many-colored paper roses. A goodly party had assembled to receive us; for beside the jubilarians proper, some of the dignitaries and officials of the village took part. To me was assigned a place of honor next to the guest of the day in my position of "Herr Sekretär."

It was interesting to note the simplicity and kindliness which characterized the proceedings. The landlord and landlady waited upon the party (Herr and Frau "Adler," as they were ceremoniously dubbed—it would sound strange to a British landlord to be called "Mr. Eagle" or "Mr. Golden Crown," but here it is the usage), assisted by some servants. Very friendly it sounded to hear the waiter say as he deposited one's soup before one: *Guten appetit!* ("A good appetite to you!") One could hardly fail

to fulfil the wish, so appetizing was the fare. The *menu* may perhaps interest the reader. First, after the soup, came boiled beef, with accompaniments of beetroot, sliced cucumbers, pickled beans, or cherry jam, *ad libitum*. Then followed boiled bacon and sauerkraut with potatoes (sauerkraut, be it said, is an acquired taste). Afterwards came roast beef and salad and stewed cabbage in sauce. Very good red or white wine was the beverage. It was a thoroughly German repast; but well cooked and well served could be appreciated by any one who was not a *gourmand*.

It was a relief to find that only one speech had been arranged, and that a short one; and it was a lucky chance, for Vespers followed so soon that we had almost to go from table to church. Again the singing was good and the sermon tolerably long. Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and Benediction followed the same rites as in the morning.

I felt myself almost rivaling in interest the hero of the day, in that I was an Englishman, and Englishmen (particularly priests) were apparently rare in those parts. So people—especially the little altar-boys—looked at me curiously, and spoke in a rather louder tone of voice to me than to others (as though that would render their language more intelligible), and seemed surprised

if I failed to grasp a situation pointed out to me in somewhat provincial dialect.

Still all were kind and sociable. The little boys especially won my heart. The fact seemed to dawn upon one as something novel that boy-nature was the same in Southern Germany as in England or Scotland. They were a merry lot, and, though always perfectly respectful and reverent, yet possessed withal a tinge of playful humor that was very charming.

His Lordship, who spoke my native tongue with ease, amused himself with teaching them an English salutation wherewith to greet me; consequently I found myself confronted after service by a group of laughing, flaxen-haired scoundrels, who shouted in chorus—and with very creditable accent, too—"How do you do, Reverend Father?" and then exploded in delighted laughter.

The Sunday celebrations were but the prelude to the real object of our visit. This was a pilgrimage on the following day to the favorite sanctuary of the "Heuberg"—as the whole district is called—known as "Driefaltigkeitsberg" or "Holy Trinity Hill," about five miles off. Here there was to be another *Missa Cantata*, at which I was again to officiate, and another sermon to bring the celebrations to a close.

It was thought too much to expect of me—an

Englishman, forsooth—that I should tramp those six miles up a steep hill, fasting and reciting rosaries and litanies the while, and then sing Mass. So I was packed off on the Sunday evening in charge of the good old sacristan, to sleep in the little inn that forms the only habitation on the "holy mountain."

My Right Reverend friend, meanwhile, remained behind to join the pilgrimage. The good people, as he told me after, would give him no respite from the watchful attention which they were always ready to afford. Even when he would steal out towards evening to visit the little cemetery and pray beside the graves of those dear to him, who had all been taken from this earthly scene, an impromptu procession, gathering fresh followers on the way, respectfully dogged his footsteps, till in self-defense he was compelled to dismiss them as courteously as he was able.

Such are the inconveniences which attend on celebrity!

VII

DREIFALTIGKEITSBERG—INTO SWITZERLAND

VII

DREIFALTIGKEITSBERG—INTO SWITZERLAND

THE walk over the hills to the place of pilgrimage on that bright Sunday evening was one to be remembered. After climbing a steep ridge that dominated the hospitable village whose guest I had been on that memorable day, we passed through woods and over meadows and by many a wayside shrine, ever rising higher and higher, till we reached the summit of the "holy mountain." Spread out on the plain below, almost at one's feet—for the hill on that side rises very abruptly to the height of some 3,000 feet above the sea-level—lay the roofs and spires of the larger town of Spaichingen and the humbler buildings of many a little village and hamlet, and one gazed down upon them as upon some huge, delicately-tinted map as the setting sun lighted up the various colors in the scene.

It was delightful to find oneself in such a thoroughly Catholic atmosphere as the simple little inn afforded where I spent the night. Pious

pictures and crucifixes, not only in the room allotted to me, but even in the more public apartments below, gave evidence of the practical nature of the faith of the inmates and frequenters of the house. The attention and respect shown to me were a further proof of the same.

The devotion with which the little church of Dreifaltigkeitsberg is regarded by all the inhabitants of the surrounding district is the growth of centuries. The place is said to have been famous for pilgrimages since the fourteenth century, and about 1415 the first church was consecrated there.

The origin of the pilgrimage is lost in antiquity. Tradition relates that a shepherd, in search of lost sheep, came upon an old moss-grown representation of the Blessed Trinity in the wood which covered the hill upon which formerly rose an old feudal castle, and from that time the place began to be held sacred.

In the fifteenth century a Confraternity of the Blessed Trinity, having the church as its headquarters, was initiated, and although it has passed through many vicissitudes, through the zeal of successive pastors of Spaichingen it is now flourishing in fresh vigor. Before the end of the year 1897, when it was reconstituted, it numbered no less than fourteen hundred members.

In 1666 a larger church was begun, as the old one was inadequate for the numerous gatherings of pilgrims, and in 1673 it received solemn consecration. For a hundred years daily Mass was said there except on Sundays, on which day in all Catholic countries the faithful are bound to repair to their respective parish churches. Under Joseph II and his disciples the old pilgrimages were condemned and many attempts made to suppress them, but the zeal and constancy of the people presented an insuperable obstacle and they have never wholly ceased, in spite of the efforts made to prevent them.

The church itself is very interesting. Its ground-plan is in the form of a cross, and altars stand in three of the arms. The high altar, much decorated with imitation marbles, bears a representation of the Blessed Trinity. The altars of the transept are dedicated to Our Lady and St. Ursula respectively, and have each an altar-piece, painted in 1765. Under the dome, which rises over the junction of the transepts, a fine large statue of Our Lady ordinarily stands, surrounded by a balustrade. To this statue much devotion is shown by pilgrims. The dome itself is decorated with a representation of the Blessed Trinity crowning Our Lady, and lower down are very fine frescoed figures of saints specially devoted to the Mystery which gives the church its

title; amongst them are St. Athanasius, St. Basil, St. Hilary, and others. The whole of the interior has been similarly painted of late years and the windows filled with stained glass. The building is some 120 feet in length and 30 feet wide. Externally its architecture is simple, but the interior is very striking.

From eight o'clock on that Monday morning people began to arrive to take part in the functions of the day, for the event had attracted the inhabitants of all the villages round. They moved about the hilltop, chatting with acquaintances and awaiting the arrival of the pilgrimage of the " jubilarians." The clergy from Spaichingen were busy in the church and sacristy preparing for the celebrations, under the direction of the Dean, who himself enjoyed prelatial dignity; they had come up from the town that morning for the occasion.

It was 9:30 before any sign appeared of the long-awaited pilgrimage. After a Low Mass at five o'clock the large company, consisting of half the inhabitants of the village, had left about seven. The day was warm and the air calm and still. When I looked upon the jaded, heated figures of those who comprised the party, I realized still more fully the wisdom which had suggested my over-night's journey. All those six miles uphill had been tramped in processional

order, led by acolytes with cross and banners to the accompaniment of an almost incessant recitation of rosaries and litanies by the entire body. Theirs was a decidedly penitential journey, and we may well suppose a very meritorious act.

Monsignor the Dean, surrounded by his clergy, and with attendant ministers, received the pilgrimage with a friendly address of welcome, and after the usual honors to the Prelate who led it all the waiting multitude crowded into the little church—as far as its capacity would allow—to take part in the service.

The sermon came first and then the *Missa Cantata* followed, the music being supplied by the choir who had accompanied the pilgrims. The organ proved to be a good one, and was well played. When the service was over and the multitude of supplicants for the blessing of medals and enrolment in various scapulars and confraternities had been satisfied, every one began to think of bodily refreshment.

How crowded the little inn became! Upstairs and downstairs, kitchen and bar-room, the entrance passages, the very steps of the staircase—every possible place was occupied. Those who could not find admittance contented themselves with the cooler atmosphere outside, where, seated on the grass, they consumed their provisions and waited patiently till their turn came to be served

with the all-important beer. Those who were fortunate enough to find at least standing room within consumed their bread and cheese and sausage there, and drank successive tankards of the universal German beverage—far more refreshing and far less harmful in its effects than anything of the kind to be met with in our own land.

By degrees the hundreds of visitors began to disperse in different directions, and after taking leave of my little acolyte friends and of the many acquaintances I had made on the previous day, I too descended by the winding road towards the town, in company with the clergy. Stations of the Cross, and groups of sacred statuary in small chapels by the wayside, marked it as the route of a pilgrimage. Many of these have been erected within the last few years by the generosity of Catholics in America and elsewhere.

I experienced the most generous hospitality in the clergy-house at Spaichingen, and spent there a very pleasant day. Close beside it stood a handsome new parish church not long completed. Since that time it has received consecration at the hands of the Bishop, and bears the names of the holy apostles SS. Peter and Paul. Built in simple Gothic style, wholly of stone, its lofty roof upheld on slender pillars, its floor covered with richly-tinted tiles, it presented the picture of a really handsome church. From

its lofty tower, ascended by inclined planes instead of steps, and sheltering several fine bells, one gained a comprehensive view of the picturesque country lying round it. The five stone altars within the church were adorned with beautiful statues of carved wood, artistically decorated and gilded. A splendid organ occupied a place in the lofty gallery over the western entrance, and upon it the organist discoursed sweet music for the benefit of the visitors.

A pretty little Gothic church at Hofen, a suburb of the town, served for a parish church during the erection of the new building; a wooden addition had been made to afford the necessary accommodation. This church also showed evidence of refined artistic taste in its fittings and adornments. It was there I said Mass.

Noon on the following day saw me once more, in company with my former fellow-traveler, on the way to our next resting-place, the famous Swiss Abbey of Einsiedeln. The journey lay through some of the most striking scenery we had yet witnessed. Near Singen are the beautiful remains of the ancient castle of Hohentwiel. They stand on a grand round-topped mountain over two thousand feet high, and form with their surroundings a most picturesque scene. The castle is one of the oldest in Upper Suabia. It anciently belonged to Bavaria, but was siezed by

a Count of Wurttemberg in the fourteenth century, and has since remained in the possession of that State. It was ruined by the French in 1800. It was contemplated at one time to restore it to serve as a frontier defense for the German Empire.

Close to the station at Neuhausen are the renowned falls of the Rhine, known as the Falls of Schaffhausen. The water of the river—green as a chrysoprase stone—rushes over huge rocks in a mass of white foam, and the great river flows on again bright-tinted as before. The colors of the whole picture must be seen to be realized.

Zurich lay shining in the sun by the waters of its lovely lake as we passed through the station, and the hills all around were dotted with dwellings. But it was at Wädensweil that the real beauty of the Züricher See broke upon us. On the sides of the wooded hills nestled white houses, rising one above another in irregular terraces embowered in trees. Their red roofs were of the most varied tones: sometimes almost brown with age, sometimes a bright vermilion for very newness. In the background towered giant peaks, shining ghost-like through a misty haze that partially veiled them; gleaming snow-patches whitened their highest points. Over all shone a brilliant blue and cloudless sky.

We were in Switzerland now, and many tokens were visible of a change of country. Here once more were vines laden with fruit. It was vintage time, and the vineyards were gay with bright figures gathering the grapes, while in some were wine-presses at work. But we had seen vines and grapes in plenty and tasted the fruit too many times in Rhineland. We had not seen cottages like these, though, in Germany. They are distinctly Swiss. The roofs overhang like that of the Noah's Ark we all recollect from childhood. Each front is full of windows fitted with bright green shutters, and between the windows is a decoration of thin wooden plates forming a kind of fish-scale pattern. All round the first floor runs a wooden balcony, upon which the week's washing is often displayed. But the gardens, and the flowers therein! Who could describe them? Never, surely, were such dahlias to be seen out of this country. Dahlias rich red, crimson, purple, pink, yellow, orange, pure white, and growing to the height of veritable shrubs, too! Some I saw must have reached at least five feet. Then, again, the luxuriance of the Virginia creepers clinging to houses and balconies and trellises! They shone in all shades of yellow, green, red, and brown. The very apples in the orchards seemed more richly tinted than elsewhere, and loaded the branches so heavily in

some instances that they needed props to support their weight.

It must have been at Wädensweil that we became aware of the presence in our train of many schoolboys of varying ages, evidently returning to school for the term. It was impossible not to contrast them with their own class in our native land, where the mere assembling of so many schoolfellows, coupled with the fact that these were their last free hours from scholastic discipline, would have loosened tongues and brightened spirits in a marvelous way. But Swiss and German boys are evidently of a more philosophical turn and accept school as a necessary even if disagreeable factor in life's routine, with perfect equanimity. The gravity of their demeanor and the sedate greeting they gave to each newcomer were sufficient proof of this. It dawned upon us eventually that these youths were bound for the great abbey which we were then fast approaching; for we knew that its monks conducted a school of over two hundred boys. Our conjectures proved correct; for, together with us, our youthful fellow-travelers alighted when the train drew up in the little, unassuming station of Einsiedeln.

VIII

EINSIEDELN

VIII

EINSIEDELN

NO photograph that I have seen gives an adequate idea of the real grandeur of the groups of buildings which constitute the Abbey of Einsiedeln. They stand on a somewhat higher level than the little town which has sprung up at their feet, and are visible at a good distance; yet it is only when one has driven across the wide, paved space in front, and gradually ascends by one of the sloping roads that curve round the central flight of steps, that one realizes their imposing splendor.

In the center of the principal wing stands the church, its western façade curving outwards in apsidal form between the lofty twin towers which support it on either side. To the right of the church stretch the buildings of the monastery; on the left those of the great college.

The marked symmetry both of style and construction that characterizes the vast pile is such as one seldom looks for in an institution which has existed for nearly a thousand years

It is due to the fact that the present buildings were all erected in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Successive fires and other catastrophes have destroyed all traces of former monasteries and churches; the present abbey is the sixth that has been built upon the site.

Einsiedeln is at the present time, and has been for centuries, one of the most famous places of pilgrimage in Europe. It is from this fact that the monastery has gained its prestige. Pilgrims have come thither from France, Germany, and Italy, as well as from all the Catholic parts of Switzerland, and even from distant Asia, Africa, and America. The average yearly number of communions given in the church during the last three hundred years amounts to 150,000; in some years it has risen to over 200,000. It is not uncommon, during the summer months, when pilgrimages are most frequent, to have as many as three hundred Masses celebrated there in a single day. It is calculated that the church will contain ten thousand persons.

The ancient wooden statue of the Madonna, the object of so much devotion, is believed to date from the time of St. Meinrad the Hermit-Martyr, upon the site of whose cell the first monastery arose. It is a fact that the place has been a renowned sanctuary since the tenth century.

I can never forget the impression made upon me by the reverent devotion witnessed there. It was the first evening after our arrival, and the bells rang out for the October Rosary. Near the cell in which I was lodged was a door communicating with a tribune, high up over the western entrance of the church. I entered and found myself, immediately opposite the Holy Chapel, as it is called, the sanctuary of the famous Madonna. It is a small building of black marble, with bas-reliefs in marble of a creamy-white tint. It is of very graceful classical architecture, and is adorned with many beautiful little statues of local saints on its façade and at various points.

This chapel occupies the site of the first little church built over the oratory and cell of St. Meinrad, a church which tradition says was consecrated by Our Blessed Lord in person. It contains, over the marble altar, the statue of black wood which attracts so many pilgrims here. It stands detached from any other buildings, in the very center of the portion of the church below the nave. On the particular evening in October to which I have referred there was no concourse of pilgrims, for pilgrimages cease for the winter months after Our Lady's Nativity. Yet quite a crowd of people stood or knelt round the shrine, bright from within from its ever-burning lamps. Every one who

entered paid a visit there before proceeding farther up the great church, and many remained there all through the service. A priest in the pulpit far up in the nave was leading the Rosary, and from the numerous worshippers arose quite a shout of response to every *Ave.* Far beyond, one could see through the iron screen which shut in the sanctuary clusters of starry lights and the gleam of white surplices; only these and the faint odor of incense revealed the fact that the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for Benediction. Soon the Rosary and Litany came to an end, and then rang out, after the *Tantum Ergo,* the shrill pealing of the altar bells which accompanied the solemn rite. Then the large concourse began to break up as the people streamed out.

For curiosity I tried to count them; I could only estimate the number roughly, yet I made out more than three hundred, and they did not form a third of the body. This was exclusive of the two hundred students in the choir and of the many Fathers in the tribunes above. And this on an ordinary week night, and for October devotions merely.

The numbers and their earnestness made a great impression upon me, which deepened upon further experience. One never visited the church without finding some few worshippers at the

AS SEEN FROM THE REAR.

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EINSIEDELN.

THE MONASTERY, EINSIEDELN, AS SEEN FROM THE REAR.

shrine, and during the hours when Masses were said there was always a crowd in front of the Holy Chapel.

The sense of the holiness of the spot, which made itself felt irresistibly, words cannot express. It was like a retreat to be there and merely look on at the almost visible action of grace which was going on there. One felt impelled to thank God again and again for His mercies here poured out in such abundance. The fervent prayers of thousands have ascended from this sacred spot; thousands of sin-laden souls have left their burden here and started once more on their way towards Heaven, free and unfettered. Einsiedeln is a splendid object-lesson in the influence exercised by Our Lady towards man's salvation. Crowds are drawn there out of love for her, and she leads them nearer to her Son, through a good confession and communion. I wished many times that Protestants could only realize this.

It was a great privilege to be allowed to say Mass many times in the Holy Chapel itself during the course of this visit. How impressive it was! When the attentive Guest Father led me down by devious ways to the church on the first morning and admitted me to the chapel, there were many worshippers crowding round the gates and a few—who were to receive holy communion—within. A priest was just finishing and I could

not help admiring the dexterity, born of long practice, with which the Brother in charge answered him while he prepared vestments and chalice for me, so that not a minute of the precious time might be wasted. The bell was then rung, as it always is, to give notice that another Mass was beginning in the chapel. It was with feelings of spontaneous awe that I offered the Holy Sacrifice in that time-honored sanctuary and gave communion to some seven or eight of the faithful. The Mass is always, except on the greatest Feasts, that of Our Lady. Over the altar stands the ancient statue, surrounded with *ex votos* and robed in vestments of gold-embroidered silk or of velvet, which are changed with the varying degrees of the Feasts. All round are rich decorations of gold and silver; the whole of the interior of the chapel is faced with gray and brown marble; the chalice is of pure gold; everything bespeaks the liberality with which her clients have bedecked the shrine of the Virgin Mother.

The Holy Chapel, standing as it does near the western entrance, is the prominent object in the great church, which has been built in honor of it. But there is much to admire in the church itself. Some of the altars are very rich in marbles. There are numerous finely executed frescoes and paintings and much valuable statuary about the church. The style of

the building is renaissance, and to some tastes it might appear overladen with ornament; it cannot, however, be denied that the general effect is one of stately grandeur, however much the details may fail to please.

One feature must be specially noted. In the center of the great nave hangs a gilt metal corona for lights. It is of Gothic design, very massive and beautiful, weighing 25 hundredweight. It was the gift in 1865 of Napoleon III to commemorate the pilgrimage here of his mother, Queen Hortense, and also his own first communion, which was made here. It bears upon it in enamel the following words, taken from a letter written by that Queen to the Abbot: "I desire to place myself and my children under the protection of the Blessed Virgin." The corona has been long illuminated by electricity, which is now the sole lighting power used in the establishment.

The monastic choir is behind the high altar and raised upon a much higher level. It is partially hidden from the body of the church by the large altar-piece of the Assumption—the work of Deschwanden, who has contributed many other paintings to this magnificent church. The statues and other works of art in the sanctuary are of great value.

A special chapel, opening from the north aisle, is devoted to confessionals. Here during the

summer months several of the Fathers are engaged continually in administering the sacrament of Penance to crowds of pilgrims. Inscriptions upon the various confessionals denote the languages understood by the confessor. From these we learned that pilgrims were able to confess in English, French, Italian, and Romance, besides the native German of the district.

It would be impossible to attempt to give an adequate description here of this magnificent church, and indeed so much has been already written about Einsiedeln that perhaps I have dwelt upon it too long already. Suffice it to say that the vast sacristies, with their treasures of plate and vestments, the number and value of the sacred relics, and all the various objects of art to be found there, are on a scale befitting a monastery which has existed for a thousand years, and has been during those long ages the recipient of the bounty of hundreds of thousands of devout pilgrims.

The daily services carried out there are worthy of their surroundings. Every morning there are two sung Masses: the first at an early hour by the monks in Gregorian, the second by the students in more ornate modern music. The latter on great Feasts is accompanied by an orchestra as well as by the organ. Speaking of the organ, it may be noticed that there are,

besides a large organ in the monastic choir, at least four others in the church. Three of these are played, by means of electric connection, from one key-board.

By the kind and thoughtful courtesy of the Prince Abbot, to whose generous hospitality we owe such pleasing recollections of an enjoyable visit, a Father was requested to play this powerful instrument for our benefit, while we inspected the various beauties of the church on one of the afternoons during our stay. From all the Fathers, indeed, we met with the most fraternal kindness.

The monastery and collegiate buildings are on a very large scale. They stand round four quadrangles. The library contains some thirty thousand volumes, among them being many priceless manuscripts.

The saw-mills, carpentering works, all driven by electricity, the capacious stables, the large and well-kept farm stock—all afford objects of interest.

It was not the least of our enjoyments during our visit to be permitted to join some of the more distinguished guests in several drives to objects of interest in the neighborhood. It was our good fortune to be staying in company with no less than three Benedictine Abbots who were on their way to Rome, and thus to share in some very pleasant excursions. One of these was to

the Etzel, St. Meinrad's first dwelling-place until he was driven by the concourse of visitors to seek what was then a remote spot. It is a place of great natural beauty. The Lake of Zurich lies at the foot of the wooded hill, and on the other side rise gaunt, bare, jagged mountain crests, softened to a bluish gray by distance. A little chapel, with quaint frescoes, commemorates the saint.

On other occasions we visited some of the churches served from the abbey. Many of them have been beautifully decorated with frescoes designed by one of the artist monks, and all of them, by their extreme neatness, order, and cleanliness, testified to the traditional Benedictine care of the House of God.

The only incident to be regretted about these charming excursions was the irrepressible politeness of the people we met. Within the limits of the little town one enjoyed the unenviable privilege of royalty; one was forced to remain almost continually hat in hand, for every one saluted the Prince Abbot and his guests as a matter of course. But that was but a slight penalty to pay for those pleasant drives through truly lovely scenes; past pretty Swiss cottages standing in brilliant gardens; through green meadows sprinkled with flowers unlike any that were familiar at home, where fawn-colored cows placidly grazed to the

perpetual tinkle of the bells hanging from their necks; or through wild, wooded gorges that reminded us of our own Highland glens; while all the time the giant mountains, with their fields of untrodden snow, gleamed through the purple haze in the background of the picture.

IX

PFAEFFIKON—UFNAU

IX

PFAEFFIKON—UFNAU

WHEN the time came to tear ourselves away from Einsiedeln and its peaceful activity and to betake ourselves to the Tyrol, we were able, by the kindness of the Prince Abbot, to visit on our way a very interesting spot closely connected with the famous abbey. This was Pfaeffikon, less than an hour's railway journey from Einsiedeln, where we were permitted to break our journey for a while.

The village itself is but a small place; the only object of interest there was the ancient *schloss* or castle, which, since the Middle Ages, has belonged to Einsiedeln. In feudal times it was of more importance than it is now, for it formed the chief defense of the extensive property around it belonging to the abbey and was the rallying point of the Abbot's retainers in the event of hostile attack.

It still retains a broad moat, which surrounds part of the buildings; and a massive tower, once strongly fortified, is the most conspicuous object of the pile. Much of the original castle has, however, been modernized; it serves as a

dwelling-house for the two Fathers who live there to superintend the cultivation of the farm and take charge of the property. In the summer it is customary for the Fathers from Einsiedeln to make excursions here in small parties at a time.

There is an ancient church in the precincts. It has been artistically decorated, like all the churches served by the abbey, and presents a charming interior. Two of its beautiful altar-pieces are the work of one of the Fathers, a pupil of Deschwanden; they stand over the side altars. One of them represents the death of St. Meinrad. The saint lies dying of the wounds inflicted by his murderers, while angels light tapers at the head and feet of the martyr. It is a composition full of devout reverence and characterized by great beauty of form and feature. On the opposite side is the painting of St. Adelric giving holy communion to his mother, St. Regulinda; of these saints I shall speak later. This picture also is one of touching beauty. On the west wall of the little church is a large fresco of the Annunciation painted by the same hand. It is remarkable for containing the portraits of the late Abbot (in whose time the painting was executed), of one of the Fathers then resident at Pfaeffikon, and of the artist. The figures are introduced behind that of the angel, as saluting Our Lady in his company.

The gardens round the *schloss* are distinctly attractive; for their fruit is renowned. The huge and luscious pears, the rosy apples, the giant bunches of sweet grapes served to us in the refectory there, are worthy to be remembered.

But another and more sacred spot, in the vicinity of this pleasant old dwelling, claimed our attention. We were led through the garden down to the edge of the Lake of Zurich, which here forms the boundary of the monastic possessions. A large, strong rowboat was awaiting us at the little landing stage and a stalwart boatman was in attendance. We were invited to seat ourselves in the boat. One of the Fathers took the oars, and the boatman, standing on the raised platform which had been formed by boarding over the stern, helped in the propelling. The long oars he used were fixed firmly in leather rowlocks, and crossed one another at the height of his breast. With a neat, clean stroke, without the slightest splash, he pulled alternately with the Father; the one did the work of the arms of a swimmer, the other that of the legs.

In this way we floated smoothly and swiftly across the calm water. Pfaeffikon, seen from thence, presented a charming picture. But for the huge bulk of a factory, built of red brick, and its tower of a chimney, Pfaeffikon, in its embowering trees, might have passed for a large

and luxuriant garden full of summer-houses. For the cottages were quaintly Swiss. All of them had overhanging roofs, and in some a veranda-like roof ran over the windows of each story, giving the building an oddly toy-house look.

But Pfaeffikon almost disappeared from view as we neared the shore for which we were making —not the opposite shore of the lake, but that of a long island in its center. This, too, was profusely wooded, and from its higher ground rose the steeple of a small church amid one or two buildings of lower stature. This was the island of Ufnau, at one period the great ecclesiastical center for the whole of the surrounding district. We landed, and after traversing meadows wherein gentle cows, recognizing the familiar monastic garb, walked up to be stroked and petted, we climbed a slight ascent to where an ancient church dominated the island. This church was erected in the tenth century and dedicated to Our Lady by St. Alaric or Adelric, son of Burchard II, Duke of Suabia. He had been brought up from childhood at the Abbey of Einsiedeln, and when his mother, Regulinda, who was afflicted with leprosy, retired to Ufnau to end her days in serving God in seclusion Adelric's desire was to live there, too, and minister to her spiritual wants. By her persuasion, however, he entered as a monk at Einsiedeln.

Regulinda in her retirement caused a church to be commenced upon the island, but died before it was completed. Adelric, longing for greater solitude, obtained leave of his superiors to take up his abode on Ufnau. There he finished the church, which became eventually the beacon of Faith for the people dwelling on the shores of the lake, who flocked to St. Adelric to learn the Christian truths from his lips. When the waters were so high that it was impossible for any human being to bring him sustenance, tradition says that angels ministered to him in his solitude. Adelric died towards the end of the tenth century. He was laid to rest in his own little church, but his relics were translated in 1663 to Einsiedeln. The chasuble, of wide Gothic shape in blue and white silk—in which he often said Mass—is still preserved in the abbey sacristy.

The church at Ufnau is quite small and without aisles. Immediately in front of the altar is a large tomb which once contained the saint's relics. Mass is only said in the church now on certain proper Feasts.

The property here still belongs to Einsiedeln, as St. Adelric was a monk of the abbey. In the little church is, among other tombstones, one in memory of the administrator of the abbey possessions for the time being, who died and was buried there some two or more centuries

ago. Its epitaph is very curious from the punning style of the Latin. He is called:

Servus bonus et fidelis,
Amore, more, ore, re.

It will be noticed that in the second line each of the last three words is formed by the subtraction of the first letter of the preceding word. In English the epitaph may be thus rendered:

A servant good and faithful
In love, in life, in word, in deed.

At a little distance from the church is a smaller building, ecclesiastical in style, but no longer used for sacred worship. It is the former dwelling of St. Regulinda, later on converted into a chapel. The relics of this holy recluse were carried to Einsiedeln.

After leaving Pfaeffikon we made our way towards Innsbruck. Ziegelbrücke was passed and Buchs and Sargans. At the latter place we underwent quite a nominal inspection of luggage at the hands of the very civil custom house officials of the Austrian frontier. Indeed, all through our journey, we were never put to inconvenience by such inspections. More than once the whole procedure resolved itself into the visit of a well-groomed, smartly-uniformed young fellow to our carriage, and the prompt answer

to his polite inquiry whether we had anything to declare was often enough, without any examination whatever, to justify him in attaching labels like large postage stamps to our luggage—we had only moderately-sized traveling bags—in token of our freedom from suspicion.

At Laachen, by an ingenious arrangement, we were able to get coffee in the train. The guard, having ascertained a short time before how many required it in each compartment, affixed to the window the necessary number of small labels, containing the words, " 1 portion caffee," which had the effect of bringing in a waiter, when the train stopped, with a tiny tray for each person containing coffee, milk, sugar, and biscuits. By the same method we got dinner provided for us in like manner on another occasion during our journey.

After Ziegelbrücke the scenery began to increase in beauty. The railway ran for miles under the cliff-like side of a lofty mountain, past a lovely blue lake, known as the Wallenstadter See. On the opposite side of the water rose giant mountains with very jagged peaks, upon which snow contrived to lie in occasional patches; half-way up the height a few firs managed to cling—they looked no more imposing than gorse bushes trying to clothe a sandy waste. Low down by the shore of the lake little villages

and detached farmhouses nestled amid the wooded crevices of the mountains. Such scenery extended for miles, the only variety afforded being the constant change of shape observable in the mountain summits. Sometimes they were split into spires and pinnacles, at others they rose in huge masses like cliffs, or loomed like imaginary fortresses or battlemented castles. It was an untiring pleasure to watch their varying forms.

We found to our dismay when we arrived at Innsbruck in the dusk of the evening that the train we had depended upon was taken off for the winter months and it was now the middle of October. We were resigning ourselves to the prospect of a wait of three hours when a quick-witted porter suggested that we should take our present train to the first stopping place, some twenty miles or so beyond our destination, and then alight and take the first train back; in this way we should save at least an hour. This we accordingly did, and alighted at what was supposed to be Jenbach.

We landed, bag and baggage, on the space between two lines of rails—as the custom is in most of the small German and Austrian stations—and the train dashed off. But where was the station? We stumbled about in the dark, dragging our luggage with us, knocking up against vagrant goods vans which stood there, and

peering about for some sign of what looked like a railway station. At length, guided by the flickering glimmer of one or two feeble lamps, we came upon it some yards further on and proceeded to pile our bags under the vine-covered veranda which represented what we should call the covered platform.

We were making ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances in the dimly-lighted, draughty waiting-room when something urged me to take a walk up and down outside. Lucky inspiration! for I discovered that three out of our four articles of luggage had vanished. Rushing up to inspect, I became aware of a young porter, pipe in mouth—the Austrians seem never to take it out—who was diligently packing my bag on a truck with others in order to wheel it off—who knows where!

When peremptorily asked what he was doing, the youth complacently remarked that he thought it was the luggage for the *schloss*. However, we promptly pounced upon it and carried it off, and the unabashed porter proceeded in search of the right luggage. What would have happened had it not been for that momentary desire on my part for fresh air, we neither of us dared to contemplate. The owners of the *schloss* would probably have been almost as much disconcerted at the arrival of unknown foreign bag-

gage at their door as we should have been at our arrival at our destination baggageless!

It eventually transpired that the guileless youth with the pipe was trying to steal a march on his superior officer, the other porter, who had put the luggage of the *schloss* under lock and key, intending to convey it thither later. Visions of a liberal bestowal of " drink money," in return for his services, had induced the junior to steal off with *some* luggage—he did not seem particular whose it was—to get first on the field.

We were amused, in spite of our annoyance, when, with something resembling a wink, the young man remarked as he passed with the proper baggage for the *schloss* heaped on his truck, " It's all right this time! "

The adventure had helped to while away the hours; for almost before we expected it our train dashed up, and carried us off once more. In a very short time after that we were driving up to the entrance gate of the Benedictine Abbey of Fiecht.

X

FIECHT—ST. GEORGENBERG—SCHWAZ

X

FIECHT—ST. GEORGENBERG—SCHWAZ

THE Monastery of Our Lady of Dolors stands about a mile from the little town of Schwaz, in North Tyrol. Its situation is extremely beautiful. It is backed by high wooded mountains; in front it looks down a gentle slope towards the River Inn, whose waters shine always with a lovely blue-green tint, and across to the red roofs and white walls and the brownstone churches of Schwaz, with their varied spires and domes. Far beyond the town the ground rises again to meet giant mountains, but in front of these, perched aloft on a wooded rock, stands out a battlemented castle. Rugged peaks shine in the distance on all sides, filling up the horizon as seen from the windows of the abbey.

The monastic buildings are of comparatively recent date. They were first erected in 1750, but were burned down in 1868, and rebuilt since. They present the appearance of a block of buildings of plain modern style, standing in a good-

sized garden, bordered by a circling belt of tall poplars. Behind the abbey rises the gable and tower of the church, which was only partially destroyed by the fire which burned down the monastery. The danger of future fires has been minimized by the introduction of electric light in recent years.

The church is classical in style. It has nine altars, many of them adorned with very fine paintings and sculpture. There is a good deal of decoration about the interior in the way of frescoes, stucco-work, and gilding. The effect is somewhat ornate, but on the whole pleasing.

One feature in the building struck me as worthy of imitation in our own churches: this was a strong iron screen extending across the building a few feet from the western wall. It was entered by central gates which could be locked when the church was not in use. By this arrangement no one was prevented from making a visit at any time—for the door was left open —yet there could be no danger of any interference with sacred objects in the church.

There were about twenty-four Fathers at Fiecht when we were there, but several serve outlying churches in the district. There is a school of about ninety boys in the abbey, entirely managed by the Fathers themselves.

We were taken during our visit for an excur-

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The Abbey of Fiecht.

Frauen-Insel, Chiemsee.

sion up the hills to a very interesting spot. This was St. Georgenberg, the original site of the monastery and a famous place of pilgrimage in that district. It was, luckily, a cool morning; for upon the higher ground of Tyrol the atmosphere was no longer oppressive, but the nights and early mornings began to be frosty and chill. Our walk, consequently, was less laborious than it would have been in a higher temperature. It began with a steady climb up a steep ascent by means of a slowly winding path shaded by the forest trees which clothed the mountain side. At intervals along the way were Stations of the Cross—not artistic, indeed, but expressive of deep piety on the part of their artist; for although the colors were crude and the figures often ungainly, there was an undeniable spirit of devotion about these rude paintings which one sometimes seeks for in vain in more finished productions.

After an hour's toil, when, heated and fatigued, we began to wonder how much farther we had to climb, an opening in the trees that bordered our path framed a vision of beauty. From the shade of the pines which hung over us we looked across a wild gorge and beheld on a lofty crag a little white church, backed by higher mountains and surrounded by greenwood. The sunlight streamed unrestrained upon the gleaming walls and red-brown roof, and one might almost

imagine the whole scene some mirage suspended over the dark ravine at our feet.

We had to descend again and cross by a primitive plank-bridge the rushing stream which poured its waters of crystalline clearness down into the dark gorge beyond, and then turning we began the ascent of the mountains on the opposite side. We saw the group of buildings on the rock above us, five or six hundred feet high from the level of the bridge; but the sight gave us fresh strength. The path here was steeper than ever. In some places rude steps had been fashioned by placing tree trunks across the way at intervals to facilitate the climb. High up among the rocks we found another and a larger bridge suspended across a wide cleft. This bridge was of wood also, but sturdy and safe, and protected from storms by a high-pitched wooden roof. At last, after nearly two hours' climbing, we stood at the door of the building—half clergy-house, half hospice—which shares with the little church the somewhat restricted space on that lonely, isolated rocky crest.

This, as I have said, was the site of the first monastery. Certain hermits who had built cells in this solitude united into a Community in 1138, and, with the approbation of Pope Innocent II, adopted the Benedictine Rule. The abbey was subject to many vicissitudes in the course of its

history. Four times it was burned down entirely and rebuilt through the offerings of princes, ecclesiastics, and the many pilgrims who loved to climb to this mountain sanctuary. At length it was resolved to transfer the monks to the site now occupied by the Abbey of Fiecht, and this was done early in the eighteenth century.

St. Georgenberg had been long a place of pilgrimage before it became a monastery. The causes which led to its popularity are lost in obscurity. A chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Sorrows was erected here by Albuin, Bishop of Brixen, in 992, but earlier in the same century Ratold, a young Bavarian noble, had retired to a hermitage on the same spot, and had brought thither from Rome a picture of the Madonna, which he venerated in a little wooden building. It may have been to shelter this holy picture that Bishop Albuin erected his chapel and laid the foundations of the popular pilgrimage. However that may be, it is certain that from medieval times it has been a favorite resort in honor of Our Lady of Sorrows.

The quaint little church is very interesting. The statue, which is the special object of devotion, is over the high altar. It is clothed in rich robes and veiled. The altar is profusely adorned with gilding and with really fine panels of silver repoussé, representing the washing of the disciples'

feet by Our Lord, and the Last Supper. Statues of St. George, St. Florian, St. James, and St. Ratold stand in the reredos. St. James, it may be remarked, was one of Ratold's special patrons, and drew him to make a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of that Apostle at Compostella. At St. Georgenberg a miracle is said to have occurred in the Mass in 1310; when, to strengthen the faith of the celebrant in a moment of doubt, the chalice appeared full of red blood flowing upon the corporal. The latter is still preserved as an object of veneration.

On the roof of the church is a curious fresco representing Our Lady, St. James, St. Nothburga, and St. George. St. Nothburga was a local saint, a holy servant maid of the thirteenth century, whose native place is only a few miles from Jenbach. It was the first time I had seen St. George portrayed in a sacred building with the legendary dragon at his feet and the princess by his side.

The most striking feature in the church was the array of *ex votos* that almost covered the wall space. They were of all kinds and styles. Some were rudely painted pictures representing the particular incident in which Our Lady had assisted her client; others were records—painted, carved, or embroidered—of graces received. Their dates also were various. I noticed one of 1799,

which may not have been the oldest, though since the place was so often destroyed previous to the eighteenth century it is not unlikely that it was. One of modern date is worthy of note: "Mary has helped and will still help," was its touching inscription.

There was nothing strikingly beautiful about the little place, but everything evinced its popularity as a place of pilgrimage. There were even a few visitors—simple peasants—praying there on the day I saw it, and on the Saturday after no less than five Fathers from the abbey climbed the mountain to hear confessions in preparation for the following day, which was specially observed throughout Tyrol in honor of Our Lady.

On a mountain close by, ascended from this peak, was another and smaller church dedicated to the Blessed Trinity, and containing some rather good frescoes and a fine triptych, in which St. Nothburga and St. Barbara figured. This church seemed to be dismantled; probably it merely served the purpose of a mortuary chapel, when required, as there was a small cemetery round it containing the graves of those who had died on St. Georgenberg.

The house adjoining the principal church is used as a residence for the Benedictine Father belonging to Fiecht, who is stationed there and

takes charge of the church. But part of it serves the purpose of a hospice. Pilgrims are allowed the use of a large kitchen wherein to cook their simple provisions, and in the summer months visitors are often permitted to remain there for some days in properly appointed guest-rooms. Even in this remote spot was electric light, generated by water-power.

It was a wonderful view that one looked upon from the windows of the house, or from the somewhat insecure foothold of a tiny terrace overhanging the ravine. One stood there 2,900 feet above sea-level, and saw far below, rushing through wooded heights, the little stream we had crossed in the morning, while away, beyond the next valley, were huge, bare mountains, 7,000 feet high.

Our way back lay by another route, through fields where farm-house roofs were laden thickly with great stones to prevent the tempestuous winds from carrying them off bodily, and by roads where mules were doing the work of horses in our own land, and that of oxen in Germany. The peasantry we met were ready with their pious greeting, and the little children and sometimes older persons would reverently kiss the priest's anointed hand. An illustration of the piety of these good Tyrolese was afforded by the decoration of one of the houses we passed. On

the wall, between the windows, was a picture of the Sacred Heart with the following motto: "The picture of the Sacred Heart, worthy of all love, is the best defence this house can have." Passing through the village of Stans, we visited the church, a modern building erected at the expense partly of the people, and partly of the abbey, whose Fathers serve it. No one could fail to admire the really beautiful building. It contained some very fine modern paintings and unusually artistic statues. Over the western entrance was a large mosaic of the Sacred Heart.

On another day we visited Schwaz. On the bridge over the Inn was a large statue of St. John Nepomuc, the martyr of Prague, and in this country the chosen guardian of bridges, since he was cast from one to meet his death.

The parish church, originally Gothic, but disfigured by stucco and whitewash, contained some quaint old tombs. A marble tribune at the western end of the nave, supported on marble pillars, was a fine feature. There were also some striking Stations of the Cross in bas-relief, the tints of which were very chaste and beautiful. Near this church was a very quaint churchyard-chapel dedicated to St. Michael. It was divided into two stories. The lower part, approached from the level of the street, was small and dark, and contained little of interest. The upper church,

too, was not in itself very striking; what constituted its chief feature was its approach. This was a covered staircase, composed of wide marble steps; the roof was of lovely Gothic, and the staircase was lighted by open pointed arches, affording a view of the quaint old town. I considered it the most beautiful architectural feature in the whole district.

The Franciscan Convent, which we also visited, had in its cloisters some interesting frescoes of the sixteenth century, then undergoing restoration; they had been painted over by an inferior artist, and their existence was only accidentally discovered.

The few days spent at Fiecht were full of interest and enjoyment. The Fathers lost no effort in striving to make our visit a pleasant one, and their kindly hospitality could not fail to produce that result.

In the abbey itself there was much to engage our attention. It is a place which, like its ancient mother-house, Georgenberg, has seen many changes. Scarcely were its buildings completed when they were seized for a military hospital. A few years later the monastery was suppressed by the Bavarian Government, the monks dispersed, and the revenues seized.

When Tyrol was restored to Austria, the abbey was once more given to its rightful owners,

but in such a miserable condition that for many years the monks could scarcely find the means of livelihood. But their troubles, borne with exemplary patience, have brought a reward, and Fiecht is once more in a vigorous and flourishing state. May it ever remain so.

XI

VOLDERS—CHIEMSEE

XI

VOLDERS—CHIEMSEE

BEFORE leaving North Tyrol we spent some pleasant days in another part of that interesting country. Volders is a village on the same side of the Inn as Schwaz, and is easily reached by rail in less than half an hour. We had hospitable friends in the neighborhood, who were eager to entertain us, so a visit was resolved upon. Nothing so prosaic as a railway ride would satisfy us, though; we were resolved to travel on foot.

Rather than take the straight level road that ran down the valley on the Schwaz side of the river, we chose the less frequented way on the opposite side. Through several little villages we passed, where every one we met saluted us with the pious *Grüss Gott*, or even came to kiss the priest's hand; where herds of placid cows, many with a great bell attached to a broad band of gay colors round the neck, grazed by the roadside under charge of some sturdy lad or shy little maid; where the village cross on its

stone steps, and the village church in its " God's acre," with many a wayside shrine and many a pious picture or statue, spoke of the deep faith of that truly Catholic people.

Sometimes we penetrated into somber pine forests, still as death; at other times the road lay by some mountain stream rushing on to join the river. Now we rose to an eminence whence all the valley, with its villages and farms, its green pasture-land, and its shorn maize fields, lay spread out below, the swiftly-flowing, blue-green river giving a sense of life and movement to the picture; while opposite rose the fir-clad mountains, and beyond them other and more lofty, gaunt, bare peaks,

One not only sees by the side of these Tyrolese roads—whether highway or by-path—many a quaint shrine to Our Lady or some favorite saint, or a representation of some mystery of the Passion—brightly colored pictures or statues behind a wire grating, and sheltered by a pent roof—but another species of pious memento is constantly met with. Wherever an accident has proved fatal to any one in the vicinity of a road or path, a tablet is erected near the spot asking for prayers for the soul of the victim. Sometimes a rude painting portrays the incident—a restive horse overthrowing a wagon, a swollen torrent carrying away a helpless youth, a falling

tree, or a stroke of lightning bringing instant death, and the like.

It was by no means a dull walk on that October morning, nor was it an easy one. Though the hoar-frost lay thick on grass and herbage when we left Fiecht soon after eight o'clock, the sun grew strong as it rose higher, and made our march more toilsome. It was a welcome sight when, from our mountain path, we saw the bridge far below, and beyond it the church and monastery belonging to Volders.

It is a spot full of interest to a Benedictine. When Bismarck succeeded in turning the religious Orders out of Prussia, the monks of Beuron, who were among the fugitives, found a home, through the generosity of the Emperor of Austria, in the half-empty Servite monastery of Volders. There they remained for some five years, till other more suitable sites for Benedictine foundations enabled them to move elsewhere to dwellings of their own.

The monastery, a large, rambling, plainly-built structure, stands on high ground above the river bank. The church is on a somewhat lower level. Without, the latter looks a curious little place; a collection of fantastic domes, with odd-shaped windows of oval construction, give it a somewhat Oriental touch. Its interior is very nicely frescoed with pictures representing the

life of St. Charles Borromeo, its patron. Some of these pictures were extremely beautiful, and the faces and figures generally struck me as superior to those we had met with in churches of the district.

The Servite Fathers were very kind and hospitable and gave us refreshments and chatted agreeably when we paid them a visit. They have a larger Community at Innsbruck, I believe, and Volders is merely used as a novitiate and a house of studies for the younger religious. We did not take up our residence there, as we were to be the welcome guests of a noble family residing in a village near by, and in their pleasant mansion we spent some delightful days.

Railways and tourists have done much to modernize the Tyrolese as they do in every secluded spot where they penetrate. Consequently, the primitive simplicity of the people is being rubbed off by contact with the world, and ancient customs and distinctive costumes have to a great extent disappeared. In the more remote districts, however, some striking characteristics still survive, and one occasionally finds at a country railway station peasants still wearing a portion, at least, of the old national dress. The hat of the women is quite distinctive. It is sailor shape and always black, with very low crown and very wide brims; from the under

side of the brim at the back depend two long broad streamers of black ribbon, sometimes reaching nearly to the heels, if the hat be the festive head-gear. Even very old women appear in such hats; but the long ribbons seem to denote style in the wearer, and oftener adorn younger heads.

The characteristic dress of the men is more seldom met with now, though on a Sunday or special holiday it may occasionally be seen in public. It consists of short breeches, often of green velvet much decorated with silver or brass buttons; these leave the knees bare, though I have seen white under-breeches showing at the knee. The stockings are often green and are gartered with bright ribbons. The jacket is short and also trimmed with many buttons. The hat is of felt, narrow-brimmed and somewhat conical in shape; it may be brown or gray or green, but it invariably has a tuft of feathers fastened at the back—sometimes a single brush-like feather will stand erect and curl on the crown, but this again is evidently a stylish trait. Green seems the favorite color in these male costumes.

Some quaint, old-world customs still linger in spite of railways, and even among the educated classes. At a meal, for instance, in the clergy houses, it is not uncommon to get soup

served last, as I have myself noticed, and I have been assured by a friend that on one such occasion the meal began with fruit and ended with soup, after the traditionary Chinese fashion. It is very unusual to sit down to a meal, either in Tyrol or South Germany, without having your health proposed, and oftentimes the attendant will wish you good health, with the words "*zum wohl*," when serving you with wine or beer. Many other little traits might be quoted.

The food, too, and the style of cooking differ somewhat from the kitchens of Germany and Switzerland. I have recollections of soup in which floated large *knoedels* or dumplings, composed of flour, and containing shreds of ham. They were as large as apples, and one was expected to eat two or three—a portion broken up in the soup, and the remainder dry with sauerkraut. A terrible appetizer was administered to us on one occasion in the shape of a home-distilled liqueur known as "Schnapps," which, we were told, was made from pears; though from the nastiness of the compound I should never have thought it. In taste it resembled raw spirit, with a dash of turpentine thrown in as a flavor. I could never be persuaded to repeat the experiment.

There is one characteristic of the Tyrolese which they cling to in spite of all other changes,

and that is a staunch attachment to their Faith. It is a part of their daily life, and enters into every circumstance connected with it. May it be long before that child-like, simple spirit becomes tarnished by the infidelity of the age.

We traveled from Volders in the direction of Munich. Brixlegg, whose station we passed, is famous for a Passion Play, which, from its still primitive character, is beginning to rival the more polished performance of Ober-Ammergau. At Kufstein we were turned out of our train to pass the Custom House inspection. It was annoying to have to wait behind locked doors until all luggage had been examined, but otherwise the officials were very lenient with us. Kufstein is remarkable for the picturesque fortress which overshadows the little town. It is a gloomy-looking, medieval stronghold, which has played an important part in border warfare during the centuries which have passed over it. Enthroned on its isolated crag, it looks practically impregnable.

We were bound for a lovely spot somewhat out of the direct route to Munich. On an island in the great inland lake of Bavaria known as Chiemsee stands an ancient Benedictine monastery for nuns, where a friend of mine was a member of the Community. To reach it we had to take a branch line and alight at the little

town of Prien on the very border of the lake in question. It was late in the afternoon when, by the help of the friendly station-master, we managed to engage a boat, with two men to row it, to enable us to reach the island we sought.

Chiemsee contains two important islands. One of them, at about the ninth century, was appropriated to a monastery for men, and hence received the name of Herrn-Insel; the other, devoted to nuns, was called Frauen-Insel. The monks were succeeded by Austin Canons during the Middle Ages, and these latter were driven away in the general suppression of religious Orders during Napoleon's time. The monastery was turned into a royal palace, and used as such until the mad King, Ludwig II, built on the island the gorgeous but tasteless imitation of Versailles, which cost the royal purse some £1,800,000 in English computation, and is now merely a show place for the benefit of summer visitors to the spot.

The nuns also on Frauen-Insel saw hard times. They were forbidden to receive novices, and eventually all died off with the exception of three. When Ludwig I came to the throne he revived the ancient cloister, and now there are more than fifty nuns serving God there.

Our row across was a chilly and somewhat tempestuous journey, for a strong wind was

against us. However, we reached our destination at last, and met with a warm reception from the good chaplain, whose guests we were during our short stay, which amply compensated for our previous discomfort.

The whole island once belonged to the nuns, but now it is shared by the inhabitants of the small village which has grown up around the monastery. The church is served by a parish priest, and a special chaplain says Mass for the nuns in their private chapel, which is formed from a portion of the public church, shut off by a close screen. It was very pleasant to hear the nuns supplying the Gregorian music for the *Missa Cantata* from a latticed gallery in connection with their own choir, while nearly all the population devoutly followed the Mass from the body of the church.

The little building itself is full of interest. It is about eight hundred years old, though it has undergone changes and additions at various times. From a deep stone porch, entered from the churchyard—where the gravestones have little stoups of holy water attached to each and the graves are bright with flowers—you descend two or three steps to the level of the church. It has a nave and aisles, and on one side a small chantry opens out from the aisle, from which it is separated by iron gratings. The place is full of tombstones

to deceased abbesses and nuns; many of them are of brown marble and carved in bas-relief with representations of religious in full habit. A larger tomb, near the baptistery, is that of a nun who died in the odor of sanctity and whose memory is much cherished by the convent.

The quaint old carvings and paintings in various parts of the church and the general air of antiquity that hangs about the place make it very attractive. One peculiar feature is the appropriation as pews for the body of the church of old stalls formerly belonging to the nuns. They are placed in rows like ordinary seats, but each person has a separate stall, with " misericorde " complete.

The island presents few attractions independent of the church and monastery. We walked round it in a few minutes' space. The massive walls of the monastery garden rise up to the height of some twelve feet or more from the very edge of the water on that side of the island. The lake and its surrounding scenery are very fine. Beyond it rise the Bavarian Alps, almost always speckled with snow patches even in summer. Their giant masses form a fitting background to the charming picture of Frauen-Insel as seen from the larger island.

I had visited the place some years before during the summer season, when the extreme

beauty of the surroundings could not fail to impress one. Yet with winter near at hand, there were still many charms about the island. In my previous visit I had seen Herrn-Insel and the costly magnificence of the palace there.

The view of that island from Frauen-Insel called up visions of much gorgeous splendor—paintings and statues by contemporary artists in a setting of many mirrors, heavily-embroidered draperies of crimson, purple, green, or blue velvet, and a profusion of stucco and gilding; but the recollection brought no temptation to repeat the visit thither. The " Nun's Island," with its old-world simplicity, possessed attractions far greater than that huge monument of reckless extravagance.

When the time came to bid farewell to that pleasant spot, a stalwart boatman was at our disposal to transport us and our belongings in the course of an hour or two to the mainland, whence the train speedily whirled us to the capital.

XII

MUNICH—SALZBURG

XII

MUNICH—SALZBURG

MY recollections of Munich, dating from an earlier visit, pictured it as a beautiful modern city, its buildings noble and massive, its broad streets and squares ornamented with trees and shrubs. A second visit considerably added to my previous admiration for this truly magnificent capital, for further acquaintance brought to my knowledge many objects of interest insufficiently realized before.

Our headquarters were at the Benedictine Abbey of St. Boniface. It is but a short drive from the station and in a very central part of the city. Even a perfect stranger to Munich would learn in a very short time the national color. It is evident everywhere. Cab-drivers wear blue with red and white facings and silver trimmings; telegraph officials and post office clerks—all under the government in Bavaria—appear in a uniform of blue and silver; and blue and white are the colors of the national flag.

The "Basilica" of St. Boniface, as Munich people like to style it, is a comparatively modern building, for it celebrated a few years ago the golden jubilee of its consecration. Its founder was the liberal patron of art and literature, King Ludwig I, who spent no less a sum than £100,000 upon the church and monastery. Exteriorly, the basilica is unimposing, though it possesses a graceful simplicity. It is built of red brick with stone facings. An atrium or portico, supported on round stone pillars, shelters the western entrances. The interior, however, is much more ornate. It is in Romanesque style, and, though necessarily much smaller, is evidently a reproduction to some extent of St. Paul's, Rome. It has, like St. Paul's, double aisles; these are divided by circular arches supported on monolith pillars of gray marble. The whole of the wall space is either faced with marble or frescoed. Over the arches are small medallions of the Popes; higher still are beautifully executed paintings representing scenes in the life of St. Boniface. The sanctuary is raised above the level of the nave by a flight of some twelve broad steps of marble. The High Altar is of various inlaid marbles, and behind it extends an apsidal choir fitted with canopied stalls of dark oak. In the roof of the apse, on a gold ground, are portrayed the figures of the patron of the church

Marienplatz (Palace of Maria Dorothea)

Basilica of St. Boniface, Munich.

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Marienplatz (Place of Mary), Munich.

Basilica of St. Boniface, Munich.

and other saints, while up above is a representation of Our Lord in glory. The church is indeed a worthy regal gift to the King of kings.

The monastery buildings stand at the back of the church. They are of considerable size, and are built of brick with white stone facings and window frames. The Fathers are kept fully employed by the care of their enormous parish, containing some 50,000 souls out of the 300,000 Catholics of Munich; they are really too few for the burden of exterior work which is demanded of them in addition to the daily choir duties which form an integral part of the routine of a Benedictine monastery.

This short sketch is not intended for a "Guide to Munich"; it would take far more pages than I have at command to describe that wonderful city adequately. It will be sufficient if we glance at some of the more striking features which present themselves to the notice of the passing visitor. Of churches beside that of St. Boniface, the Cathedral, and the Chapel Royal, there is little to record. Most of them are in the most pronounced style of Renaissance art—teeming with cherubs, gilded clouds, bulky wreaths, and fluttering drapery. But of the other two I have mentioned something must be said.

The Cathedral, or "Dom," as it is called, is a truly noble church. It is in rather severe

Gothic with very massive octagonal columns supporting its narrow pointed arches, and long narrow windows filled with richly-toned, painted glass. It is gloriously high, and I well remember the sudden change from the glare of the street to the cool, dim atmosphere with its sense of fathomless depths and vast vaults overhead.

The Chapel Royal, a building some sixty years old, is a splendid specimen of ecclesiastical magnificence. It is classical in style, and its rich marbles and fine paintings are worthy of a king's place of worship. One seldom sees so much splendor combined with perfect taste in fittings and adornments. Its services are open to the general public.

The Royal Palace, near which the Chapel Royal is situated, is surrounded by a kind of open cloister, known as the "Arcades." These arcades run all round a great part of the palace precincts. They contain some interesting frescoes of historical subjects and wonderfully carved wooden statues.

The Public Library is said to be the third best in Europe. The building is magnificent with its fine broad staircase of granite steps and its marble pillars. In this vast pile are housed nearly a million and a half volumes, and about £30,000 are spent annually upon the institution. When we visited it there hap-

pened to be a special exhibition in one of the halls of illuminated and other manuscripts. It was thus our good fortune to be able to inspect the most wonderful specimens of artistic work of the kind that could be imagined. The splendid painting and lettering of illuminated Missals and Breviaries, dating from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries, surpassed all imagination. Then many of these manuscripts were encased in bindings rich with gold and encrusted with gems. Many autographs of notable personages were on view, too; a sheet of Mozart's manuscript music, letters of Beethoven, Wagner, and others, and autographs of celebrities of less worthy memory—Luther, Calvin, Zwinglius and the like—made up an exceptional collection.

The Benedictine Father who accompanied us was well known to the chief librarian, and through his influence we were admitted into the large rooms where the books are stored—range above range—to be sought for by officials when required by a reader. It was here that an amusing incident happened. The assistant who took us round had neglected to close the door, and on returning we met an elderly minister and a lady who looked like his daughter, who had both strayed in through the half-open door—as the way of tourists is—to see what there was to be seen. The old gentleman, who appeared

to be of the Nonconformist type, and was either English or American, advanced gaily and accosted our guide with all the assurance in the world. "Oh, no! I only speak English," he said, in answer to the official's inquiry, and proceeded to pour out a flood of questions in that tongue, as though all the world *ought* to know it, whether they did or not. One of our party in the spirit of kindness interpreted for him as much information as was possible at the moment; but his thirst for knowledge was great, and his self-assurance greater; for we left him still talking loud-voiced English to the puzzled official, as we descended the stairs on our way out.

It would be difficult to find a more splendid specimen of a municipal building than the Courts of Justice. The spacious central hall, with its marble pavement and pillars, its granite staircase, its gilded iron balustrades, its beautiful statuary, is truly superb.

Of all the public buildings, though, we were most enchanted with the Pinakothek or Gallery of Paintings. The building itself, like so many others in this noble city, is truly palatial; but its contents are beyond description. The visitor traverses room after room filled with a priceless collection of pictures by the greatest painters the world has seen. All the celebrated masters are represented there, from the tender spirituality

SALZBURG.

AN OLD PORTAL, SALZBURG.

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Salzburg.

An Old Portal, Salzburg.

of Fra Angelico, and the more robust schools of Lippi, Perugino, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, and Raphael, to the fleshy studies of Rubens and the gloomy severity of Van Dyck.

A collection, such as this, which all are free to visit when they will, is a boon to the citizens of Munich which they evidently appreciate. Besides the throngs of sightseers, passing in hushed reverence through those softly carpeted halls, there were innumerable artists at work reproducing this or that picture upon the canvas before them, with more or less fidelity.

The Glyptothek, or Exhibition of Statuary, an institution no less interesting, stands not far from the Pinakothek. This is also a really magnificent building exteriorly. Unfortunately the shortness of our visit did not permit of our entering it.

Munich has other attractions besides its beautiful buildings. The "English Park," so called from its resemblance to London's Hyde Park, with its ornamental water on which swans disport themselves, and its Rotten Row for equestrians, is well worthy of a visit.

It is not the least of the attractions of this lovely city that its people seem so genuinely Catholic. The clerical dress and the religious habit are everywhere respected, and religion has evidently a high place in the esteem of the people

generally. I well remember being struck with the number and devotion of the worshippers in the Dom, at an early Rosary and Benediction during October; moreover they were not made up of members of the leisured classes merely, as such afternoon congregations often are in our own as in other lands.

On leaving Munich we passed once more the Austrian frontier, for we were to visit several other monasteries of the empire. Our first resting-place was the ancient Abbey of St. Peter at Salzburg. It is a monastery of great antiquity, whose foundation by St. Rupert, Apostle of Bavaria, dates from the seventh century. In the eighth century it took the rule of St. Benedict and from that period, through many vicissitudes, St. Peter's has flourished as an abbey of the illustrious Order of that holy Patriarch.

The impression one gains from a visit to this ancient monastery is that it is of immense extent. A large courtyard with buildings round the four sides is first entered. The church is at one corner of this. Even this much would make a sufficiently huge monastery, but there are other wings—innumerable as it would seem—stretching in other directions, and, besides the first courtyard and one within the precincts, another and larger quadrangle with a garden in the center running by the north wall of the church. Then

the flights of stone stairs, the galleries, the various apartments present a bewildering combination to a stranger. I well remember being led to the church to say Mass on the morning after my arrival, and passing through a labyrinth of passages out into an open cloister, and again through devious ways into the sacristy and eventually to the church. It was a hopeless impossibility to attempt to find one's way back alone.

There is not much beauty about the buildings except in the old cloisters, which struck me as exceedingly picturesque with their round arches looking into a wooded garden. One seldom sees a real old Gothic monastery in Germany or Austria; nearly all have undergone either so-called restoration or entire rebuilding in a later and less ecclesiastical style.

Still St. Peter's is intensely interesting not only on account of its antiquity—for it boasts of about eighty-six abbots in direct succession during thirteen centuries of existence—but also for the few portions which still exist of its earlier buildings. It possesses, too, a splendid library of over 40,000 volumes. Its surroundings, also, are striking in the extreme. Behind one wing of the outer quadrangle the ground rises abruptly to the altitude of the spire of the abbey church, and a huge battlemented fortress stands on the summit of the cliff-like height. This is Hohen-

salzburg, once the residence of the Prince-Bishops, now used as a prison and barracks. If one climbs this hill by a side-road one comes to Nonnberg, where the monastery of nuns—also founded by St. Rupert, whose niece was the first Abbess—overlooks the old town in the valley with its ancient walls and city gates. From thence may be gained a wonderful view across snow-capped mountain ranges of which the citizens are justly proud.

The cathedral, not far from the abbey, is also worthy of a visit. It is lofty and spacious with marble pavements, and contains many fine paintings and some interesting monuments, mostly of scarlet-robed ecclesiastics (Prince-Bishops and other dignitaries) connected with the See.

It grated somewhat on our sense of freedom and love of privacy to have to fill up a printed form, before leaving Salzburg, for the benefit of the police authorities of the city, stating the date of one's arrival, day of departure, destination, number of companions, and the like. The guest-house of a monastery in Austria would thus seem to fall under the same rules as an ordinary hotel in this respect.

A longer stay would doubtless have brought to light more numerous objects of interest, but time was pressing and we had to push on with our journey.

XIII

LAMBACH

XIII

LAMBACH

A SHORT run of two hours by rail from Salzburg brought us to Lambach, in Upper Austria. As the train slackened speed outside the station we saw on the high ground above the railway a cluster of buildings of striking magnitude. It was evident at the first glance that the long stretch of many-windowed structures—the twin towers of a church with minaret-like cupolas rising in their rear—could be none other than the Benedictine Abbey of Our Lady and St. Chilian, to which we were bound.

The monastery has a long and varied history. Its founder was St. Adalberon, Bishop of Wurzburg, a descendant of the Counts of Lambach. When driven from his episcopal See by the Emperor Henry IV he retired to his family estate, where he had already established a Community of priests, to take spiritual charge of the surrounding district, its villages and hamlets. In 1056 he changed the character of this foundation by bringing there a Community of Bene-

dictine monks from his own diocese, for whom be built a monastery. He consecrated the church in 1089. Its dedication in honor of St. Chilian and his companions, as secondary patrons after Our Blessed Lady, was naturally to be expected. St. Chilian, a noble Irishman, passed over to the Continent in the seventh century and, in company with fellow-missionaries, preached the Christian Faith in the district known then as Lower Franconia, and settled at the little village which was afterwards to expand into the city of Wurzburg. Their preaching was at first received favorably, but when the intrepid priest opposed the incestuous union of the prince with his brother's widow, both Chilian and his companions were put to death by assassins hired for the purpose, and thus obtained the martyr's crown for their zeal in defence of conjugal purity.

The martyrs were buried in some obscure spot, but their remains were miraculously made known in the following century, and were carried away by the Christians to a more honorable place of sepulture. They eventually found a shrine in the Cathedral of Wurzburg. They became the special patrons, not only of the city, but of the whole of Franconia. Many churches were dedicated to them, and their feast was observed on the 8th of July, in the Cathedral

The Abbey of Lambach, from the South.

Antechoir of Lambach.

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The Abbey of Lambach, from the South.

Ante-rooms to Library, Lambach.

of Wurzburg, in the Middle Ages, with a magnificence of ceremonial seldom witnessed in any city in these days.

St. Adalberon lived but one year after the consecration of his church at Lambach. He died in the odor of sanctity, and was laid to rest in the abbey-church. He has since been venerated as a saint.

The Abbey of Lambach underwent many severe trials in the course of its history. In the thirteenth century it was burned by the Bavarians. Under the disturbing influences of the Lutheran revolt it suffered considerably both in discipline and prestige. When more peaceful days dawned, however, it recovered its former status, and successive Abbots did much to beautify and enlarge the material buildings, as well as promote the advance of their subjects in religious virtues. Thus in the latter half of the seventeenth century a new church was erected and the monastery greatly enlarged.

Lambach, like so many other religious Houses of the time, was suppressed towards the end of the eighteenth century, and, though the monks still clung to their home, it was devoted to military uses more than once during the French invasion of the country. It survived all these and similar disasters through God's help, and has gone on steadily regaining its spiritual influence

and its temporal prosperity from the time of the restoration of regular monastic observance to this day.

It was late in the afternoon when the train deposited us on the platform of Lambach station, but we were expected by our kind hosts, and the Prior himself awaited our arrival in the station, and led us out to the carriage which he had brought to convey us to the monastery. We started off at a rattling pace, the pair of pretty little horses, under the guidance of a skillful coachman, dashing through the quiet town and up the hill to the abbey, curving round through the narrow, arched gateway in splendid style.

The approach is very striking. The entrance to the monastery is reached by an imposing flight of steps at the further end of the outer quadrangle. The entrance to the church is close by; for the church stands behind the monastery and is approached through the *Beicht Saal*, or Hall of Confessionals—a large apartment containing some fine painting and statuary, where confessions are chiefly heard.

It was a pleasure to find that in this monastery I was not relegated to a guest-house, but was allowed to occupy one of the rooms in the monastic enclosure. Nothing could exceed the thoughtful kindness and fraternal charity shown

by the Fathers throughout our visit. No effort was spared to make us feel thoroughly at home in this truly Benedictine house. In consequence, the few days spent there are among the most memorable of our journey. Family bereavement had caused the temporary absence of the Lord Abbot, but the Prior was indefatigable in his attentive courtesy to his foreign visitors.

The abbey buildings are very extensive and possess the charm, often attaching to an ancient institution, of being varied in style; owing to their peculiar situation on the hillside they stand on many different levels. It was delightful to wander about the roomy corridors and passages, examining the many pious works of art they contained; to come across some quadrangular garden, hitherto unvisited, or a flight of steps leading to unexplored regions in another story; still more pleasant was it to be able to do so without fear of being called to account for trespassing.

It must not be supposed, though, that no attempt was made to show us the sights. Everything that was likely to interest us was diligently pointed out by our kind host, but one can always find something to see in a second inspection of an interesting place such as this.

To attempt a detailed description of Lambach

would take too long. I must content myself with some account of its chief features. The church, as I have said, is entered through the large hall devoted to the administration of the Sacrament of Penance. An iron screen, similar to that I noticed at Fiecht, permitted entrance to the lower portion of the church at any time. The architecture is classical in style. There are many paintings and statues which are very striking. A large plain slab in the pavement, just before the entrance to the sanctuary, marks the spot of St. Adalberon's first tomb. His remains have been removed from thence and now repose near one of the side altars. An elaborately sculptured marble monument on the south wall eulogizes the virtues and miracles of the holy prelate; it was erected by one of the later Abbots, some six centuries after the Bishop's death.

Opening from the sanctuary is a dark little chapel, decorated with an imitation of ancient frescoes. It proved on examination to be a replica of the Holy House at Loretto. Beyond that again is another chapel used as a baptistery. The choir of the Fathers, high up on the north side, is entered from the first floor of the monastery; it is quite separate from the church, except that small arches, closed with glass screens, open from it into the sanctuary.

The treasures of the sacristy here are full of interest. Some of the splendid embroidery from old sixteenth century vestments has been remounted on new silk or velvet, producing a magnificent effect. The altar plate, too, is remarkably rich. Some of the chalices are literally encrusted with real gems—diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; others are adorned with very fine enamel work. Reliquaries, banners, tapestries are numerous, and some of them very costly.

The public apartments of the monastery are also very fine. The library contains about 40,000 volumes. Near it a fireproof chamber had lately been constructed in which to preserve the choice manuscripts belonging to the abbey. These number more than seven hundred. Some of them are truly wonderful. There are splendidly illuminated Breviaries and Missals, dating from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, full of the most delicate, artistic work. One Breviary of the sixteenth century is a marvel of the painter's skill.

The refectory in use when we were there was that reserved for the winter months, on account of the convenience of warming it. The summer refectory is much larger and far more ornate. It is a spacious and lofty hall, decorated with fine frescoes of suitable Scriptural scenes. One of these represents the angels ministering to Our

Lord after His forty days' fast; another, Moses striking the rock in the desert to bring forth water for the thirsting Israelites. There are beautifully inlaid doors to this refectory. Outside in the cloister is a feature met with in the remains of many of the old English and Scottish monasteries: this is a large marble washing-place; the water flowing from the mouths of angelic figures.

The Chapter House has been more recently decorated in Gothic style with mural paintings of ecclesiastical symbols and floral designs. The altar has a beautiful reredos containing figures of saints. The cloisters, too, contain some fine modern works of art.

In the entrance court through which we drove on our arrival are some more public apartments than those I have described which are situated within the monastic enclosure. The first of these is the suite of rooms set apart to serve as a picture gallery. Here are gathered the most important of the paintings which have come into the possession of the abbey from time to time. Many of these are copies of the great masters, but there are a few valuable original paintings in the collection.

Another hall has been fitted up as a theatre with complete stage, scenery, and appointments. Here the young men of the town, under the train-

ing of one of the Fathers, get up plays for their own amusement and that of their friends and neighbors during the long winter evenings.

In another wing are situated the extensive cellars of the abbey; other portions of the buildings are employed as a school; for the Fathers instruct and care for a certain number of orphan boys, by means of endowments arranged for that purpose by a former Abbot. Some of the little fellows were to be seen working in the sacristy and assisting in serving the many Masses; others were to be heard taking part in the music of the Conventual Mass, when, in company with others from the parish school, they formed a tuneful choir.

The minster is the parish church of Lambach, and the Fathers have the spiritual charge of its people, and serve other parishes in the neighborhood also. The position of the great abbey as the ruling influence in the little town, the constant canonical prayer, rising from the choir of monks there, and the spiritual labors of the Fathers among the people, stirred up wistful memories of our own land in pre-Reformation times, when many such a religious House carried on a like work. Lambach has had its troubles and persecutions and has survived them all, and flourishes in greater vigor because of their purifying influence. Is it too much to hope

that the same great Order of St. Benedict, which did so much for England and Scotland in past ages, may still be destined to grow apace, in both kingdoms, and once again become a mighty power for good amongst their peoples? Such must surely be the prayer of all who desire their country's spiritual welfare.

XIV

PRAGUE

XIV

PRAGUE

A LONG night journey is never a pleasant feature in railway traveling, particularly when one has reason to fear a tolerably crowded train. A friendly guard, however, can do much to ward off discomforts. Thus it came about that we secured a compartment all to ourselves on the long run northwards from Linz through Budweis, and slept almost peacefully for some hours entirely undisturbed. At an early hour in the chill morning we found ourselves at Prague.

Our headquarters were once more one of the monasteries of the Beuron Benedictines. The Abbey of Our Lady of Montserrat, commonly known as "Emmaus," was founded in 1348 by the Emperor Charles IV. For more than twenty years the monks made use of the little church of SS. Cosmas and Damian, hard by, until in 1372 the present abbey church was consecrated. At first the Mass and Divine Office, by special privilege, were celebrated in the Slavonic tongue. The monastery suffered much from

the Hussite heretics. In the seventeenth century a new colony of monks was introduced from Montserrat and this gained the monastery, which was then greatly renovated, its present title. In 1880 the Emperor of Austria bestowed it upon the Beuron congregation, the few remaining monks of the old foundation being provided with a smaller monastery outside the city.

The church is in beautiful Gothic style and has been enriched with remarkably fine frescoes by the Beuron artists. The monastic buildings' approached through a large courtyard, are of considerable size. They stand round a cloister garth planted as a garden. The Gothic cloisters are lighted by glazed windows, for the winters there are very severe. Some very fine old mural paintings on the interior walls are just now arousing much interest. They are of great antiquity—probably dating from the era of the foundation of the monastery—and the civil authorities have, therefore, claimed the right to forbid any interference with them. A curious custom still survives in this monastery. From time immemorial the anniversary of the dedication of the church—Easter Monday, when the Gospel of the Mass relates the journey of the two disciples to Emmaus—the people of Prague have maintained the privilege of going to Emmaus

also, by entering the monastic enclosure and roaming about the cloisters and garden at will. A strenuous effort made some years ago to prevent, or at least curtail, this traditional incursion utterly failed; the monks, therefore, have to content themselves with keeping, as far as possible, to the upper floors, which have to be carefully guarded from intrusion, while thousands of men, women and children, of the excursionist type, wander about below stairs from morning till evening. When at last the crowds have retired the place remains some inches deep in congealed mud, brought in upon the boots of the visitors, liberally sprinkled with sandwich papers. Should any incautious Father make his appearance in the crowd, he is an object of unrestrained curiosity to many pairs of prying eyes. A special sermon is always preached in the church on this day, for the benefit of these persistent, though scarcely pious, pilgrims.

The old church of SS. Cosmas and Damian still stands in the outer court of the abbey, and is used for Mass constantly. The principal services, however, take place in the large church of " Emmaus." A beautiful chapel to the south of the church, known as the " Kaiser Kapelle," or Emperor's Chapel, is used for the early morning offices during the winter months. On the south of the sanctuary of the great church stands

the chapel of Our Lady of Montserrat. The chapel is richly adorned and contains a large seated statue of Our Lady, a replica of that venerated in the celebrated Spanish monastery from which the devotion to this image was brought when the Abbey of Emmaus was repeopled by monks from Spain.

The city of Prague is one of the most beautiful in Europe; but its beauty consists not so much in splendid buildings and regularly arranged streets as in its almost unrivaled natural position and its air of medieval quaintness. As one approaches it the striking feature is the number of towers and spires which rise above its buildings. Hence the familiar saying:

"Praga, plena turribus at malis odoribus."

Or, as we should put it in English:

"Prague, replete with towers and evil odors."

Unfortunately the latter part of the description is equally true with the former; but in this particular Prague does not stand alone among Continental towns. It is situated on both banks of the Moldau, a tributary of the Elbe, and it is possible to navigate from the North Sea as far as Prague by means of the two rivers. The Moldau here is wide, but somewhat shallow; to render it navigable it is spanned by frequent

dams with narrow openings on alternate sides of the river. It is interesting to witness the progress of the immense rafts of timber—some of them a quarter of a mile in length—which float down from the forests in the north of Bohemia in late springtide; they are formed of large trees lashed together, and upon them travel numerous workmen in wooden huts to guide these rough crafts. The rafts shoot through with the current from one dam to another, describing a serpentine course down the broad river as they pass from side to side towards the narrow outlets.

Prague is built in four fairly distinct quarters. On the right bank of the river are the "Old" and "New Town," on the left are Hradschin, or the "Royal City," and Smichov, a more modern district.

Prague was founded by the Bohemian Princess Libussa, in the eighth century. Its time of greatest prosperity was, undoubtedly, during the reign of the Emperor Charles IV (1346–1378). That monarch erected many of the beautiful Gothic buildings which still remain, and many too which have disappeared. In the fourteenth century it must have been almost without parallel for its picturesque appearance.

The *Alt Stadt*, or Old City, is, of course, the most ancient part. Some of its remaining buildings are of magnificent architecture. The

Rathaus, or Town Hall, of fourteenth century Gothic, is the most striking. The large clock, in a prominent position on the building, is a wonderful piece of mechanism. When it strikes twelve, from the openings in its face issue the figures of Our Lord and the Twelve Apostles, and as each figure passes Him in procession Our Lord salutes it by bowing His head; but when Judas passes He remains erect. The unfortunate clockmaker was condemned by order of the town authorities to lose his eyesight, lest he should enrich any other city with a similar masterpiece. In the Old City is also the Teynkirche, once a center of the Hussite heretics; it is a beautiful Gothic church, and contains the tomb of Tycho Brahe, the renowned astronomer. The streets of this quarter are narrow and winding; it was formerly surrounded by a wall, and some of the ancient towers still stand—magnificent specimens of architecture. At one period the *Judenstadt,* or Jew's quarter, in this part of the city, contained the most flourishing community of Jews and the oldest synagogue in all Europe.

Built round about the Old City is that known as the *Neu Stadt,* This quarter is largely made up of religious and charitable institutions. Here are to be found the chief schools, convents, hospitals, almshouses, and the like. It

Carl's Bridge, Prague.

Seckau, from the Northeast.

is in this district that the Abbey of Emmaus is situated. The splendid buildings of the Bohemian Museum, the *Rudolphinum*, or Academy of Arts, the *Clementinum*, or Episcopal Seminary, the *Carlhof*, or ancient palace, now a hospital, are among the most striking erections of the New City. Here also are the University buildings of enormous extent. In the Middle Ages, it must be remembered, Prague as the oldest university in the Empire was the most renowned; it was attended at one period by as many as fifteen thousand youths. When the Germans withdrew their students to their own universities, that of Prague lost much prestige. It is still, however, very flourishing.

Hradschin stands on the left bank of the river. On a splendid site, above the Moldau two hundred and fifty feet high, stands the huge palace. Its large wings look like a small town, for its rooms are said to number four or five hundred. Much to the regret of the people, the Emperor seldom comes there. Not far off is the large palace of the Archbishop of Prague. The beautiful Cathedral of St. Vitus, a splendid specimen of Decorated Gothic, stands in this quarter. It has never yet been completed, and even now much building and renovation is going on.

The gorgeous altar of St. John Nepomuc, of solid silver, is the most costly adornment of the

church. But more attractive to an artistic mind is the lovely Chapel of St. Wenceslas, containing the tomb of the martyred King. Its walls glitter with marbles and precious stones in profuse abundance. Large pieces of jasper and amethyst are set in cement which was originally gilded, when the effect must have been magnificent. The rich altar is also splendidly adorned. The large ring which serves as a handle to the massive door is the same to which the king clung when the assassins struck him down. It has been removed from the castle where his martyrdom took place.

Behind the cathedral, as seen in the view from the old bridge, rise the beautiful towers of the old Romanesque Church of St. George. Originally it was a Benedictine abbey for nuns, founded in the ninth century. The abbess had the privilege of placing the crown on the head of the queen at the coronation ceremony. The old monastery and its retired garden is now set aside for the use of priests no longer fit to work. The church is undergoing an elaborate restoration at great expense.

The steep ascent to Hradschin is beautifully wooded. From the height a fine view of the city is gained. On the lower ground near the river is the "Kleinseite," or "Narrow Bank," the aristocratic quarter. It contains many very fine palaces. That known as Waldstein is still

occupied by the descendants of the renowned General Wallenstein, of European fame. Strachhow, on this side of the river, a large monastery of White Canons founded by St. Norbert himself, contains a splendid library of 50,000 volumes, and among its choice collection of pictures is the priceless " Madonna " of Albert Durer.

The fourth quarter, Smichov, contains no ancient buildings, being chiefly given up to private residences of the better classes.

The two banks of the river are connected by fine bridges. The most interesting is that known as *Carlsbrücke*, or Charles' Bridge, from its builder Charles IV; it is over 1800 feet in length. Fine statues adorn it on either side. That of St. John Nepomuc, who was thrown from it to be martyred, is invariably saluted by passers-by—even by soldiers on the march. The same mark of respect is shown to the very fine representation of Calvary on the end of the bridge. Access is gained to this bridge from either bank of the river through deep archways surmounted by picturesque medieval towers of Decorated Gothic. The bridge itself has been partly rebuilt after having been swept away by floods. It is a striking fact that the statue of St. John Nepomuc was left standing, though the masonry up to that point had broken down. The view down the river from this old bridge is exceedingly

beautiful. The islands in the stream have been tastefully laid out as gardens with flowers and shrubs. Kleinseite with its fine buildings and Hradschin in its lofty wooded height contribute to form a magnificent picture on the one hand, with the rushing water as a foreground; on the opposite bank are clustered the graceful old buildings of the other quarters of the city—varied towers and domes and spires breaking the sky-line.

Prague has suffered much from frequent wars which have raged round it. The fanatical Hussites did their best to destroy it, and succeeded in ruining many of its beautiful buildings. The constant change of owners which it underwent during the troubled times of the eighteenth century also had their share in its partial destruction. These causes combined explain the absence of ancient churches beyond a very few examples. Most of those now to be seen are in Renaissance style, with little beauty to recommend them.

We visited the famous statue of the Holy Child, to which such a widespread devotion is now evident. It is kept in the church of Our Lady of Victories. I was somewhat surprised to find the church closed even at four o'clock in the afternoon. When later on it was discovered to be open again and we entered

there were only four or five persons within. It looked as though the people of Prague were less devout to this little image than those of more distant countries.

Much agitation is rife between the Bohemian and German parties in the city. The prospect of the eventual suppression of their national language—known as Czech—and the substitution of German, has roused the former to more than one hostile demonstration during the last few years. The lower orders have gone so far as to show their animosity by wrecking the houses and property of the hated Germans. In one of these riots the Abbey of Emmaus was threatened, and only escaped the fate of other institutions inhabited by German-speaking townsfolk on account of its indiscriminate charity. For the monastery feeds daily, in a special building in the great courtyard, hundreds of destitute poor.

Much as we should have enjoyed a longer stay in this truly interesting city the exigencies of tourist arrangements forbade, and we had, perforce, to bid it a reluctant farewell, after a short but exceedingly pleasant visit.

XV

EISENERZ—SECKAU

XV

EISENERZ—SECKAU

A LONG and fatiguing journey brought us back again from Bohemia into Upper Austria. It was early dawn when we found ourselves amid the most striking scenery we had yet encountered. We were rising gradually higher, for at Eisenerz the engine had been taken to the rear of the train and was slowly pushing us uphill. At length we were eighteen hundred feet above sea-level. The scenery through which we passed recalled the Scottish Highlands. There were the deep ravines, the rushing burns and water-courses, the secluded glens with their clumps of fern on a mossy bed, with which we were so familiar. But another feature soon appeared, far grander than even the Highlands—beautiful as they are—can exhibit. We found ourselves before long in the vicinity of lofty mountains, surpassing anything Scottish in their gaunt, bare outlines and imposing bulk. We were at such a height by now that snow lay thick even by the line, and the stony peaks far above us were

white with it, wherever it was possible for snow to cleave. It was a picture beautiful enough to make one hold one's breath with awe; for as the rising sun glowed with rosy warmth from behind those clustered pinnacles, and its beams filtered through the jagged crests, they tinged the topmost points with soft light, intensifying the dusky gloom which shrouded the lower hills.

Creeping somewhat slowly, still higher and higher, we saw from the opposite side of the valley Erzberg—its long station glimmering with rows of lamps. We were to sweep round the head of the valley and pass it eventually; but its lamps had been switched off by the time we reached it, for progress was slow just then. High above it rose the banks of debris from the iron-ore which has made these mountains a source of illimitable wealth. Every day tons of the ore are carried over this line, which really owes its existence in great measure to the works which have been started here. Unfortunately the immense profits realized from these mountains flow into the coffers of Jews, the Austrian Government having disposed of the mines a few years ago for a million of pounds—a quite inadequate sum. The terraces of brown refuse, mounting one above another nearly to the top of the huge mountain, unrelieved by a vestige of vegetation,

form a striking picture; yet one can not help regretting the destruction of the glorious natural beauty of these wild mountain-ranges.

The accompaniments to railway traveling in Austria differ very much from what one is accustomed to at home. On this particular journey I remember being struck by the excessive amount of signals made by the various officials with whistles and the like. There was much tooting on little trumpets, which reminded one of children's toys, whenever we made a fresh start. It was odd to see a signal-man diligently waving flags, while all the time the universal pipe, with its deep bowl and long, curved wooden stem, was fixed firmly between his lips. The sight was a familiar one at small stations in Austria.

We shifted our engine again to descend to a lower level, and I noticed that there were cog-wheels to assist in the climb to the heights we had but lately passed. Vordenberg was left behind, and Leoben, and St. Michael, and at length tired with changes and waitings we found ourselves at Knittelfeld, where our railway journey for that day was to cease.

A carriage and pair conveyed us to the Benedictine Abbey of Seckau, another of the Beuron Houses, which was to be our shelter for a few days. If one had been less hungry and tired the drive would have been an unmitigated pleasure.

It was a chilly air that greeted us as we began the gradual ascent which led to our destination; for Seckau stands high—some 2,000 feet above sea-level, and the time was late October. Higher still we mounted, till Knittelfeld was far below: yet still the road wound upward along the brink of a valley fringed with clumps of oak-trees. Loftier heights still lay beyond—some of them snow-capped; but we had not to scale them; for, as a sudden turn in the road revealed to us, Seckau lay lower. It formed a pretty picture on its green tableland, trees forming a foreground and the great Styrian mountains rising behind it. After two hours' driving we reached it at last, thankful to have done with traveling for the present.

It was pleasant, as we drove up to the gateway, to be met by a crowd of Fathers flocking out to bid us welcome; for many were old friends, known long before in England or in Germany. Pleasant, too, it was to be greeted in our own tongue, after listening so long to the less familiar German; for English is by no means an unknown language at Seckau.

The abbey is of large extent, and its buildings exceedingly picturesque. The most prominent feature as seen from a distance is the great Romanesque church, with its twin western towers and high-pitched roof. It is perhaps the only

portion remaining of the original abbey erected in the twelfth century. The monastery buildings surround the church, and stand round a large court and a smaller quadrangle. The quaint-looking towers, which rear their heads at intervals, give character to the somewhat plain exterior buildings. The general plan of this abbey indicates that it was not built for Benedictines; for each religious Order has its own special requirements, and these influence the arrangements of the very buildings erected for it. Seckau was for many centuries an abbey of Canons Regular of St. Austin. By an arrangement similar to that which existed at some of our old Scottish cathedrals—St. Andrews and Whithorn, for example—the Regular Canons forming the community constituted the Chapter of the diocese of which Seckau abbey church was the cathedral. The See has since been removed to Gratz, though the Prince-Bishop still retains the title of Bishop of Seckau.

The old church is a magnificent specimen of Romanesque architecture. It is built wholly of stone, toned to a rich brown hue by age. Its stone roof is upheld by massive round pillars and circular arches, and the whole building is eloquent of the days when men spared neither money nor labor to erect a worthy House of God. The monks have done much to beautify

the ancient structure. The side altars are rich in carved and gilded statues and ornaments; the high altar with its glowing tints shines out with gem-like brilliancy from the somber background. There are many quaint little side chapels, all of them adorned with paintings and statues of great artistic merit. Indeed all the decoration undertaken by the Benedictine artists in this splendid church is characterized by exquisite taste and fitness.

Much had to be done, when the abbey came into the possession of its present occupants, to preserve it from the decay which had already set in. This was especially the case with the church. One of the towers actually fell and did considerable damage to some of the buildings, and the whole edifice needed much restoration. Now, as the result of much careful work, the whole abbey is in good preservation.

The monastery itself is very large. It is built round an extensive entrance courtyard, through which the church is reached. A small quadrangle lies between the church and some of the other buildings. A very extraordinary feature of these quadrangles is that the cloisters and upper corridors which give access to the various apartments are open to the air by means of large semicircular arches. The effect is very picturesque, but in the severe winters of that high

tableland the arrangement must necessarily give rise to some inconvenience. An approach to the church has been walled off from the larger courtyard, to secure the privacy required for the monastic enclosure. The peasantry have thus free access to the church for all the public services, entering the courtyard by a deep arch under the western wing of the buildings. There is still the old well in the center of the large space to supply the house with drinking water. It stands under an octagonal roof supported by timber uprights and covered with red tiles. The charm of variety attaches to this as to all ancient edifices. Doubtless the present buildings were erected according to a definite plan in the first instance, but bits have been added here and there, and changes made at different epochs, till the former regularity has disappeared. The consequence is a combination of various buildings on different levels, connected by frequent staircases and odd, straggling passages. It was somewhat of a feat to find one's way about, and up to the last day of our visit I was only dimly conscious of the whereabouts of certain rooms.

The great extent of garden ground surrounding the monastery is not the least of the charms of this beautiful spot. There is the large garden of the former Provost of the Canons, with its pleasant paths shaded by old apple trees, the

still larger one devoted to the recreation of the Canons, and various other little plots in odd corners, and from all of them is gained a wondrous view of snow-clad mountain or wooded hill, or of the little houses of Seckau hiding themselves in embowering fruit trees.

It was after we had bade a reluctant farewell to the abbey and its inmates, and had set forth on our journey once more, that an amusing incident befell us. My companion took the opportunity of a change of trains at some station of rather more importance to despatch a necessary telegram, while I superintended the conveyance of our bags to their new destination by a porter. Either the telegraph clerk was unusually slow, or the conductor of the train in an unnecessary hurry; whichever it was, the train in which our baggage was deposited began to move slowly off—after the usual blowing of trumpets and sounding of whistles by several officials successively—just as my friend appeared on the scene. With much gesture and excited protest the officials forbade him to attempt to mount. I, however, seizing the opportunity, clambered up to the carriage where our belongings were stowed on the racks, and was carried off alone. The accident really affected us little, for we met again in the course of an hour. What occurred in the meantime, however, was very funny.

The guard, who was exceedingly kind and sympathetic with me about the mishap, when he found me somewhat slow in explaining myself in German, asked my nationality. I told him I was English. Whereupon, at the next stopping place, a little country station, an English-speaking official was produced to converse with me in my own tongue—by way of putting me at ease, perhaps, for there was absolutely no need of his assistance. He was a youth of eighteen or nineteen, probably, and seemed to be in the telegraph department. "This is the gentleman," cried two or three official voices, as their owners pointed me out, and an admiring ring closed round the young man to hear the English conversation—they were evidently rather proud of their townsman's linguistic attainment.

The youth began with "Good evening, sir." "Oh, you speak English?" I said encouragingly. "Yes," replied the youth. Some official in a scarlet cap had just communicated to me the contents of a telegram from my friend arranging for our meeting. I had nothing of consequence to talk about to this would-be interpreter, so, by way of saying something, I remarked, "My friend, who was left behind at the last station, is coming on by the next train, I believe." "Yes," replied the interpreter. "Then I need not go back to him," I said; there had been

question of it at one time. "Yes," answered the interpreter as before. "But," I said, "the gentleman in the red hat"—he was one out of the various grades of railway officials, and his title I knew not, for the life of me—"has told me that I am to go on and my friend will follow." He looked puzzled, so I repeated, "The gentleman in the red hat—*der Herr Oberstations-inspector*"—it was a random shot. "Ah, yes," cried the interpreter in mingled German and English, "the gentleman in the red hat, I understand!" I had visions of German phrase-books, containing, what I had always thought to be pieces of useless information, such as "My aunt has a blue cloak; your cousin has a red hat," etc. Evidently he had studied such, and here was a case in which they were of some service. But, unfortunately, beyond the red hat, we got no further. In spite of my slowly and distinctly repeated phrase, the interpreter could only scratch his head with a puzzled look and retire from his position of proud publicity shaking his head and muttering the crest-fallen ejaculation, "*Ich verstehe es nicht*" —"I can't understand." I fell back into my seat as the train glided off, and indulged in the grateful relief of the laughter which the scene provoked. It was a source of merriment till my friend rejoined me and for long after.

XVI

GRIES

XVI

GRIES

OUR first halt after leaving Seckau was at the quaint little town of Klagenfurt, where we spent the night. Our journey on the following day was to be long, so an early start was necessary, and, as it happened, rain, which had been pouring down all night, had settled into a steady drizzle when we slowly moved out of the station. Nothing could be seen from the windows but an atmosphere gray with mist. A large lake, reputed very beautiful, which extends for some miles by the side of the line, and which is known as the "Wörthersee," was almost hidden; only an occasional watery gleam through the mist announcing its presence. Thus we sped along for an hour or two.

After the busy station at Villach had been passed, the atmosphere cleared somewhat, and before long we gained glimpses of really charming scenery. In the neighborhood of Lienz we came upon beautiful wooded heights, the dark green of the pines being relieved by many larch

trees in an autumn dress of bright saffron yellow. Bare crags, too, shot up at intervals from the foliage in picturesque fashion.

It would be difficult to find a railway with more curves and twists than that upon which we were traveling. In consequence, the train, which was a quick one, rocked in the most alarming way at times. We dashed on, past roadside stations, where weather-beaten-looking women, in broad straw hats or with head-kerchiefs, waved signals like targets as we flew along. We passed wooded heights rising abruptly from the plain, bearing on their summit little castles, or groups of houses with a church or two among them. Bridges with the statue of St. John Nepomuc; young men and old, halting their bullock wagon on a country road, as with hat in hand they devoutly said their mid-day "Angelus" in response to the faint tone of some distant bell; the numerous churches dotted over the landscape; the many wayside shrines—all told us that we were again in Catholic Tyrol.

We passed Brixen, the seat of a Bishop and a well-known Catholic center. Before long came lofty crags and an almost Swiss style of scenery, and soon we halted at the station at Botzen—the ancient *Pons Drusi* of the Romans. We were all amid mountains here, for this part of South Tyrol is renowned for its marble; porphyry of

the ruddiest and marble of the whitest are quarried near Botzen.

The quaint old town—medieval in type—was swarming with cows, sheep, and pigs; for it was Saturday, and evidently market-day. Our destination was Gries, a suburb of Botzen, and as we preferred walking thither, after our railway shaking, we valiantly plunged through many inches of liquid mud. To add to our discomfort, rain began to fall again and continued all day. People whom we asked to direct us towards Gries were either ignorant of the way and too proud to own it, or wanted to play us a practical joke; for we started in quite a wrong direction, and only when a good Samaritan offered to accompany us to a point whence progress was easy did we strike upon a correct route.

The preconceived notions I had formed of this monastery proved utterly deluded. I had expected—though why, I know not—to find it in quite rural surroundings, and on a hill; indeed, a strikingly picturesque erection mounted on a crag just before we reached the station was fixed upon as the identical place. The real Abbey of Gries, however, is far differently situated. It is in a town, and overshadowed by hills, rather than perched upon one, and though it really possesses extensive vineyards and gardens they are not evident at first sight.

We were, it is scarcely necessary to say, most hospitably welcomed, for Gries belongs to the Swiss Congregation of Benedictines, whose charity to guests knows no bounds.

The original site of the abbey was at Muri, in the diocese of Basle, where the monastery of St. Martin was founded in the eleventh century, and, in spite of various calamities which befell it during the ages that followed, it was flourishing there up to the early part of the nineteenth century. At length in 1841 the monastery was suppressed by the Protestant Government, its goods seized, and the monks turned out by force in the depth of winter to seek a friendly asylum in other Religious Houses.

The monastery of the Austin Canons at Gries was at that time standing vacant, and was offered by the Emperor Ferdinand I of Austria to the exiled Community of Muri. The Abbot, Dom Adalbert Regli, the forty-sixth in the catalogue of superiors, gladly accepted the Emperor's generous gift. Gries was constituted a priory depending upon the ancient abbey, and thus it continued in union with the Swiss Congregation, though actually situated in Austrian Tyrol.

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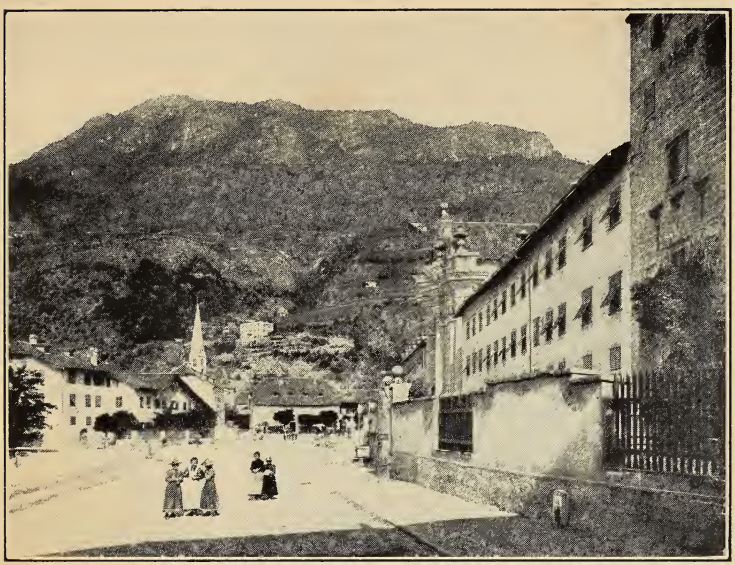

The Market-Place, Gries—Exterior of the Abbey at the Right.

View of Botzen from Gries.

portion of the buildings is of picturesque Gothic architecture with groined stone roof; there are some handsome Romanesque cloisters. There are also some handsome open galleries of stone leading from one wing to another, with small round arches resting on short pillars. The chief portions of the buildings are of more modern style.

The church, which is of considerable size, is Renaissance; it contains some fine paintings over the various altars. The piety of the Tyrolese is evidenced by their devotion to the Church and all connected with it. Here in the monastery church of Gries one finds them supplying in liberal profusion all the necessary altar candles, and it is common to find some of the altars illuminated from morning till evening in accordance with the particular devotion of the donor of the lights. On Sundays, too, it is a constant practice to maintain a kind of perpetual prayer in the church; whenever there are no public services, little groups of worshippers may be seen reciting the Rosary in common, to be succeeded by others in due time.

I may mention here that the Sunday choir, recruited from the parish, is remarkably good. The music at the High Mass, sung at the early hour of 9 o'clock—when, by the way, the church was crowded—was in Palestrina style, and was

very well rendered. All the *Proprium* was sung; some of it being in Gregorian, some of it—for example a very fine *Offertorium*—in elaborate figured music. It was impossible to help contrasting this careful fulfilment of rubrical directions with the somewhat slipshod ways of some larger and more important choirs in our own country, where the selection of incidental music befitting the authorized formulas seems to be the last thing to be considered.

It is unusual to find a monastery situated in a town, as this is, possessed of so large an extent of garden-ground. The greater part of it is devoted to the growth of the vine, which is the chief object of cultivation all over the district. The vines are trained in a fashion quite unlike that generally followed in Germany and Austria. Instead of the straight, upright poles, like those used for hops in England, trellis roofs, placed slantwise on supporting posts, are covered with luxuriant foliage and luscious fruit. Consequently, one walks through the vines by grassy paths shaded by a succession of arbors. All the wine needed for use in the abbey is supplied by this monastic vineyard.

Botzen-Gries is only twenty miles or so from the Italian frontier; the air is therefore so mild that oranges and lemons ripen in the open. In the abbey garden we found large trees of both,

bearing at the same time flower and fruit—the latter in every stage of ripening. We were told though, that the large glass-houses, whose walls alone surrounded these delicate southern trees during summer, are usually covered in, for precaution against the lower temperature, during the winter months. The scent of lemon-bloom —by the way—is almost the same as that of the more familiar orange blossom.

The monastery stands no more than seven hundred feet above the sea, but it is surrounded by mountains of great altitude. On the Sunday evening we spent there we were able to make a partial ascent of one of these. We had viewed the landscape generally from the roof of the abbey, where there is a great gravelled terrace running between two buildings, whence one gains glimpses of the lovely panorama spread out on all sides. The weather, however, had been misty, and the view consequently defective. But on Sunday evening the mist had lifted, and mountain and plain shone in the glory of a beautiful sunset.

We set out from the abbey towards the end of the afternoon, and passed through the little churchyard lying round the parish church of Gries. All Souls' Day was only just past, and consequently there had been great numbers at the Sacraments; in the monastic church alone

eight hundred had been to confession on that day and the previous evening.

Everything in the graveyard spoke of that day of the dead. The place had been put into perfect order; gravel walks were neat and trim; graves had been smoothly mown. The whole enclosure looked like a beautiful garden. Large pots of flowering chrysanthemums in fullest bloom —white, pale yellow, faintest pink—had been sunk into the soil between the graves. Wreaths of flowers and evergreens decked the headstones and crosses. Some of the mounds bore shaded lamps, their light scarcely visible in the bright glare of the afternoon; others were decked with cross and candles, like some miniature altar. All spoke of true Catholic feeling for the dead.

The church itself proved to be well worth a visit. It had been recently restored, as its artistic exterior roof, brilliant with glazed tiles in green, yellow, and white, and many other tokens testified. The altar, of Renaissance style, is adorned with very beautiful marbles. A chapel on the south side contains some magnificent old sixteenth century groups of figures in bas-relief, colored and gilded. One represents the blessed Trinity crowning Our Lady, the Father and Son being exactly similar figures, and the Holy Ghost under the form of a dove. Another por-

trays the death of Our Lady surrounded by the Apostles. There are some beautiful old paintings also. The church, so well ordered and tastefully adorned, pleased me very much.

Leaving the churchyard, we gained a narrow foot-way which led towards the great mountain towering above us with cliff-like bulk. It has been skilfully transformed into a public pleasure ground. Cleverly cut paths wind along the face of the mountain, giving place here and there to flights of white marble steps in the steeper ascents. All the route is planted with trees, flowers, and shrubs. Bushes, covered with bright chrysanthemum blooms, border the path; behind them are aloes, palms, olives, and almond trees—all of them fresh in foliage though it is November; for in this favored clime there is little winter to speak of, and frost and snow are almost unknown except in the mountain heights beyond.

The splendidly engineered path led us onward and upward with but little expenditure of energy, yet, so balmy and mild the air, that even the little exertion needed heated one considerably. At a pretty good height a fine hotel has been built on a broad terrace, and lovely views can be gained from its windows. Still higher, one comes upon " Archduke Henry's Promenade," where Sunday pleasure-seekers are much in evi-

dence, seated upon the benches or pacing up and down the well-kept walks. Young officers in smart uniforms and civilians of both sexes formed the crowd. Mounting still higher, one finds the path bridging deep defiles, or clinging to the shoulder of some mighty rock, yet always smooth and well graveled beneath one's feet and safe walking, on account of its sturdy iron railing towards the outer side.

The view hence, about half-way up the mountain, was indescribably beautiful. On the other side of the valley rose mountains nearly 5,000 feet high; beyond them were others, higher still, shining in the setting sun in rosy hues, 7,000 feet above the sea. In the plain, far below, lay Botzen with its many spires; nearer to us was Gries, the river dividing the two townships. All the space between the houses seemed to be green with trellised vines; no other kind of culture was to be seen.

We had been quietly climbing for an hour or more and, as we gazed upon the lovely view, twilight fell, almost without warning, and the air grew perceptibly chill. Simultaneously the church bells began to ring out their summons to Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, as we turned and wended our way home in the dusk. The lamps on the graves in the distance shone out like big glowworms, and when we reached the

churchyard, flowers, candles, and lamps together made quite a festive scene.

Gries was our last stopping-place on this side of the Italian frontier. At an early hour on a wet November morning we left the hospitable monastery, and started from Botzen station for the sunny South.

XVII

INTO ITALY—VENICE—FERRARA

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THE scenery as we sped on from Botzen towards the Italian frontier was full of wild beauty; for the Trentino, or Italian Tyrol, is famed for its lovely valleys and picturesque mountains, and one of the finest of these valleys is that of the Adige, through which we were traveling; it is known to the Germans as the "Etschthal," for it is traversed by the river which has given it its name. Trento, in whose Church of Santa Maria Maggiore the famous Council of Trent was held in 1545, is enclosed within massive walls, which prevent a thorough view of the city from the railway. The rocks in the vicinity shone with bright lichens—purple and yellow. A brilliant, crimson-hued creeping plant, growing everywhere, added to the gorgeous coloring. Dotted about among the lower hills, and clustered on the plains, were many typical Tyrolese dwellings. The store of maize which invariably hung under the projecting roof of each gable, had mellowed in tone to a rich

terra-cotta red. It gave one the impression, seen as it was from a distance, of a coat of bright-colored paint, and suggested the idea that all the district had clubbed together for the purchase of a good stock of the said paint for decorative purposes at a reduction in price!

South of Trento everything gradually became Italian. In all the stations that language, as well as German, was used to designate waiting-rooms, ticket offices, and the like, and the German and Italian titles of the town stood side by side on the wall of each station building. Travelers joined us, too, who carried on their conversation in Italian, and everything told that we were nearing the frontier of a new country, differing entirely in race, language, and customs from those in which we had spent the previous six weeks.

At Ala came the Custom House, and we were all turned out, bag and baggage, to undergo, after all, but a mere formal scrutiny. The uniform of the officers of the Italian Customs is striking on account of the unique headcovering allotted to them. This is like an English policeman's felt helmet, bound round with a striped band of red and yellow, from which, on one side, rises erect a long, black eagle's feather.

One felt oneself, the scrutiny over, at last a denizen of Italy, with everything German (and

under that title may be included all the races we had lately visited) left far behind. The thought bred a kind of satisfaction; for looking back I was reminded of some few disagreeables which had marred an otherwise thoroughly enjoyable time. There were chiefly three of such evils calculated to produce irritation, in a greater or less degree—beds, stoves, and cooking.

The German bed has been already too often satirized to need much description here. Its peculiarities are (1) an absence of blankets, (2) a tendency to allow the feet of the occupant to stray into the cold night air, from the absolute freedom of anything like "tucking-in," (3) the presence of an enormous down pillow known as "die Federdecke" which covers the whole bed in lieu of blankets and renders any mitigation of temperature impossible. All that one can do with such a couch is promptly to kick the "Federdecke" into the nearest corner, tuck himself in with his traveling rug, and make the best of it. He has the choice between melting and freezing and must endeavor to steer clear of extremes. Stoves are not so satisfactorily dealt with. October brings cold nights, and the huge *Ofen* in one's bedroom radiated a heat like that of an unusually hot conservatory. One had either to sleep with open windows and risk a cold in the head, or choose the alternative of possible asphyxiation

from the intolerable atmosphere of the overheated room.

Cooking, I place last; it is the least of the three evils, and indeed to a certain extent is no evil at all, but a decided improvement upon our ordinary *cuisine*. The meals are always well cooked and well served in Germany, Austria, and Tyrol, and the food is generally all that can be desired. But there are certain combinations which scarcely commend themselves to the visitor's palate. Boiled beef accompanied by stewed pears or cherries or even strawberry jam may pass muster; *knödels*, or bacon dumplings, with *sauerkraut* may even commend themselves to a few; but I doubt whether any Englishman or American could calmly face stock-fish served with stewed plums—it is too much to expect of us.

After all, such ills are but trifles when set by the side of the hundred sources of healthy enjoyment and engrossing interest afforded by such a sojourn—not in the ordinary hotels or recognized odging-houses, but in the privacy of the family and the seclusion of the monastery.

Verona was our next change, and here we fell in for the first time with typical Italian fellow-travelers. There were two distinct parties: an old lady and her elderly son, and a young married couple accompanied by a little girl. They

did not long remain strangers, for the females soon fell into an animated conversation which seemed to turn chiefly on the various ailments in the members of their respective families. The gestures of sympathy and consolation—the clasping of hands and uplifting of eyes on the part of the old woman, as she counseled trust in the Madonna, and the equally dramatic poses of the younger, who seemed inclined to gloat over her miseries—were worthy of an artist. By degrees the whole party became bosom friends. Hats and bonnets were discarded by the female portion, and becoming mantillas of lace assumed in their stead, while large, round, rush-covered flasks of red wine, and little baskets stored with rolls and Bologna sausages, circulated freely during the remainder of their journey.

The sun, when it deigned to shine, was hot, but the sky did not altogether satisfy our preconceived ideas of what an Italian sky should be; instead of a fathomless blue, free from clouds, its pervading tone was a watery gray, too much like that which generally prevails in our northern climes.

It was somewhat disappointing to have to pass Padua, as we had passed Verona, without setting foot outside the station; but time was pressing and our destination was Venice. At length Mestre was reached—the last station on

the mainland. As the train moved on we seemed to be rushing out into the ocean, for on either side was water. We were traversing the wonderful railway bridge of more than two hundred arches, by which Venice is connected with the continent. In a short time we glided into the station.

We easily ran the gauntlet of animated touting by the representatives of various rival hotels, for we had already chosen our abode, and signified the fact by promptly calling for the man belonging to the hotel in question. This silenced the clamor in our regard, but drew forth a *sotto voce* remark from one impudent fellow as I passed him, that his particular establishment was the only one worthy of *un monaco*—his quick eye had spied the Benedictine habit and had prompted his ready tongue.

Seated in a gondola, with our luggage piled in the bow, we floated slowly along the Grand Canal—a splendid water-way, 180 feet wide and bordered with magnificent buildings. Our gondolier, standing on the raised platform at the stern, cleverly propelled us with his single oar, and from time to time, as we slowly advanced, shouted out the title of some particular church or palace or object of interest when we passed it. Just before we came to the Rialto—the beautiful white marble bridge which, with its one wide

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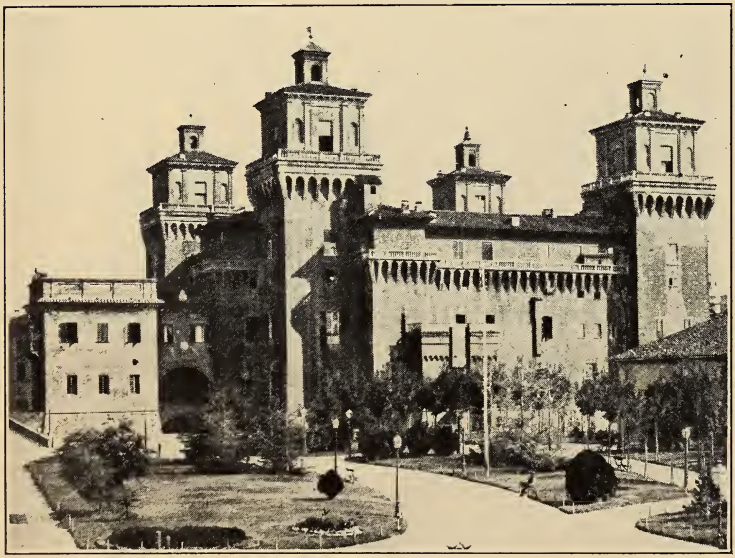
Cathedral, Ferrara.



The Castle, Ferrara.

arch, spans the canal—we turned off into a narrower water-way. Our guide managed his barque with much dexterity, shooting under bridges and between other gondolas and barges, gliding round corners, darting down one short cut after another, till in something less than an hour he landed us at our hotel, which faced the Canale di San Marco, only a few minutes' walk from the famous Cathedral itself.

It would be impossible in a page or two to give anything like an adequate description of San Marco. Ruskin, in his poetic prose, exhausts every enthusiastic epithet in a glowing word-picture of its exterior. "The great square," he says, "seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away." And then follows a wonderful description, in which the great master speaks of the glorious building as "a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long, low pyramid of colored light; a treasure-heap . . . partly of gold and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into fine, great, vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory . . . and round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper, and porphyry and deep green serpentine, spotted with flakes of snow . . . and above them all,

in the broad archivolt, a continuous chain of language and life—angels and the signs of Heaven and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these another range of glittering pinnacles mixed with arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength . . . until at last . . . the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray."

They are the words of a poet who has gazed his fill at the beautiful vision and has taken in every detail of its loveliness and they are by no means exaggerated. There is the glamour of the East about San Marco with its domes and rich coloring and gold and precious marbles such as attaches to no other Western temple. The "Greek horses," in Ruskin's description, are four magnificent figures in gilded bronze, which surmount the lower central arch of the façade (they are scarcely distinguishable in the illustration); they are said to have once adorned Trajan's Arch in the Forum at Rome, and to have been removed to Constantinople and thence to Venice. Napoleon carried them off to Paris in 1797, but they were recovered in the general peace which followed his downfall.

The three great masts which stand in front of San Marco were erected in the sixteenth century to bear the banners of the tributary States of Cyprus, Crete, and Morea.

One gained a comprehensive view, not only of the great church beneath but of the whole city, from the open windows just under the pointed roof of the great brick Campanile, standing detached from St. Mark's at the junction of the Piazza with the Piazzetta. The tower was easily ascended by a series of inclined planes, running, instead of steps, round the four walls. It is said that Napoleon rode to the top on horseback, and it is quite within the bounds of credibility. From the summit one looked down on the Piazza di S. Marco, a fine space measuring 250 ft. by 100 ft., lying immediately in front of the great church. Further on, the eye took in as in a panorama the whole of the wonderful city, with its intersecting canals spanned by more than three hundred bridges. In the other direction were smaller islands and the sea.

That slender, graceful tower, rising to a height of more than 300 feet, was visible from every part of the city and from far off at sea. Browning speaks of it as discernible from Asolo, thirty miles away:

> Ah, the clear morning! I can see St. Mark's;
> That black streak is the belfry.

The original tower has been replaced by a modern erection; for that noble Campanile, as all the world knows, suddenly collapsed into itself and sank to a white pyramid of ruins. Its loss was deservedly bewailed as a national calamity; for in its finished state it had stood since 1489, and its beginnings date as far back as six centuries earlier. To have seen it and climbed its height is now a memory more than ever precious.

The Piazza di S. Marco is the favorite promenade of Venice. Here, in the sunny afternoon air, crowds of pleasure-seekers—mostly foreign visitors—lounge under the arcades and regale themselves with ices, or pace the marble pavement as the band in the center of the square pours out a flood of music and the hundreds of St. Mark's pigeons flutter about their feet or feed from the hand of any one who chooses to invite them.

These pigeons, by the bye, maintained at the public cost, are the descendants of carrier pigeons used during the siege of Crete, in the thirteenth century, to bring messages to the seat of Government. They find a lodging on the roof of the Cathedral. St. Mark's is entered by a vestibule rich in marbles and mosaics of Old Testament history. Three metal doors lead into the church; one of them came from St. Sophia at Constanti-

nople, and near it are columns said to have belonged to the Temple of Jerusalem.

For a picture of the interior we will take Ruskin's words once more. "There opens before us," he says, "a vast cave hewn out into the form of a cross, and divided by many pillars into shadowy aisles. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like large stars, and here and there a ray or two from some far away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow, phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colors upon the floor . . . Underfoot and overhead is a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another as in a dream. . . . The passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together and the mystery of its redemption. . . . The cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone." The description of the pavement as heaving "waves of marble," is suggested by its time-worn unevenness, which is a marked feature.

The wonderful mosaics, the unique marbles of this gorgeous temple, surpass imagination. They are all objects of art, each with its own proper history. The magnificent screen which closes in the choir bears exquisite marble statues of Our Lady, St. Mark, and the Twelve Apostles.

The high altar, beyond, is one of the richest in the world. It enshrines the body of the Evangelist. The altar-piece, formed of plates of gold set with brilliants and precious stones and adorned with pictures in enamel, is but rarely uncovered, and that on special occasions only.

The richness and glory of this wonderful church surpass description, nor can its "dim religious light," blending all its marvels of color and gilding into tones of subdued harmony, be adequately conceived. "The roof," says Ruskin, "sheathed with gold, and the polished walls covered with rich alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames" of the ever-burning lamps which fitfully illumine the many altars. Besides the few windows these are the only sources of light. The effect is one of mystic beauty and charm.

The fascination possessed by Venice lies in its absolute dissimilarity to every other Western capital. Its position on about seventy little islands gives it the appearance of a city rising sheer out of the Adriatic. Its domes and spires and palaces seem to float on the surface of the sea; their delicate coloring—soft gray, creamy white, and terra-cotta red—helps to accentuate the impression of unreality, inseparable from such conditions. One half expects to see the daintily tinted picture fade away or sink into

the waste of waters. Then again the position of the city renders locomotion impossible by any other means than by boat or, for shorter distances, on foot. "In this city," says a modern writer, "the horse is a quaint and unexpected animal. He is not wanted. He is quite as ridiculous and useless as a unicorn would be in the streets of London." The fact adds to the fairy-like character of the city; for the usual noises of towns—the tramping of horses, rolling of carts, and the like are conspicuous by their absence. Indeed the steps with which the bridges are almost invariably constructed preclude the possibility of that kind of traffic. I have seen pictures of Venice in which a donkey is represented; but the animal may be a creation of the artist's fancy. I saw no animal larger than a dog. In your gondola you float silently along on the surface of the blue water, under a cloudless sky, surrounded by dreamlike buildings of picturesque beauty. Or if you prefer to walk, you make your way along the broad marble pavement of the Riva degli Schiavoni or the Piazzetta S. Marco, and feast your eyes on the lovely vision on the far-off island whence the domes of S. Giorgio and its graceful red and white campanile rise from the blue waters of the lagoon; or you pace the broad pavement near the Rialto and watch the many

gondolas which flit silently along the Grand Canal —the Piccadilly or Pall Mall of Venice.

The actual streets are, as a rule, narrow and unattractive. Even the Merceria—the Bond Street of the city—is no more than twenty feet across in its widest part. Besides the noble square in front of St. Mark's there is a smaller one opening out from it towards the sea, known as the "Piazzetta." On one side of it is the Doge's Palace, on the other the Public Library, a handsome building with granite pillars. Two tall pillars stand near the landing place; one bears a bronze figure of the winged lion of St. Mark, the other that of St. Theodore, the former patron of Venice, standing upon a crocodile. This saint was one of the most popular martyrs in the Greek Church and suffered in the fourth century. The crocodile is intended to represent the dragon which is always portrayed under the feet of St. Theodore as of St. George; it is a type of sin and unbelief conquered by the saint's faith. St. Mark has in later ages superseded the less illustrious saint as patron of Venice.

A few other small squares are to be found in the city; they are generally in front of certain of the churches and public buildings. One of these is the Campo S. Paolo. But, in reality, the waterways constitute the streets and open spaces of this city of waters.

There are many other churches of great interest besides St. Mark's. Perhaps the most striking of these is the beautiful Gothic building known as SS. Giovanni e Paolo. It is the Westminster Abbey of Venice. Within are numerous costly and splendid monuments to celebrated men; some of these are more than usually fine. In the little square before the church stands the magnificent bronze statue of Bartolommeo Coleoni, a celebrated Venetian warrior. It is by Verrocchio, a famous Florentine sculptor of the fifteenth century, and is considered one of the finest works of the kind extant.

S. Giorgio Maggiore, on its distant island, is served by the Mechitarite Benedictines, but very few Fathers are there now. It contains several remarkable paintings by Tintoretto. The choir stalls are very beautifully carved and the marble façade and fine cupola are worthy of notice. This church is in the Renaissance style of architecture.

Sta. Maria della Salute is another fine building of the same period. Its exterior is striking, composed as it is wholly of marble. The interior, though rich, is not particularly beautiful. It stands near the Grand Canal and forms a charming picture from the Riva degli Schiavoni, on the opposite shore.

The Church of the Frari is a splendid Gothic

building of the thirteenth century. It contains many remarkable tombs, among them those of Titian and Canova. Near the latter is a celebrated Madonna by Titian, painted for the Pesaro family, whose members are represented in it. The cloisters attached to the church are very beautiful.

The finest of all non-ecclesiastical buildings in Venice is the Palazzo Ducale, formerly the residence of the Doges. It adjoins St. Mark's and runs down one side of the Piazzetta, another wing facing the sea. The lower story is surrounded by great, open cloisters with round pillars of pale red marble, with carved capitals in white. Above these run open Gothic galleries of the same material and of great beauty of design. The upper part of the walls is constructed in white and red marble arranged in lozenge pattern. The red has all faded to a faint rose color and the white has mellowed to a creamy tint, and the effect is one of striking beauty which must be seen to be realized.

A narrow canal separates the Ducal Palace from the Prison on the side facing the sea, and the two buildings are connected by the famous covered passage which runs high up between them known as the "Bridge of Sighs," through which the condemned used to be led to their doom. The famous bridge is not a really hand-

some erection, dating as it does from the middle of the sixteenth century only. In general aspect it reminds one—but for the white marble of which it is composed—of what Temple Bar used to be. It is noteworthy, in this connection, that Ruskin calls the canal which flows beneath it "one of the principal thoroughfares of the city": so that the resemblance lies in something beyond mere outward form.

If it had not rained in Venice, I should have carried away nothing but pleasant and poetical reminiscences, but unfortunately my start—made with all reluctance—was in the early morning and that morning was very wet. It takes away much of the poetry to sit for more than half an hour in a gondola while the rain streams steadily down, and the gondolier stirs up the inodorous waters of narrow canals and rouses one's nervous apprehensions by the weirdness of his hoarse, goat-like call at the corners, as well as by the fear of possible collisions, as the gondola gropes its way under frequent bridges and through rows of obstructing barges in the dim light of a November morning, while all the rest of the world sleeps. Still, in spite of every drawback, Venice is a place to look back upon with fascinated recollection. I have heard of a traveler who visited it, meaning to stay a week or two only, and he tarried there for forty years.

I can well believe it; for Venice throws a spell over one such as no other place—Rome alone excepted—has power to do.

The next Italian city which I have to describe is Ferrara. It is not a place which calls for a special visit from most travelers, though extremely interesting in its way. Circumstances arose during our progress which led to my passing a night there, in order to meet my companion again on his return from a day's visit to a friend residing in the neighborhood, that thus we might resume our interrupted journey together.

Ferrara has stamped itself upon my recollection as the most curious jumble of decayed magnificence and squalid modernity it has ever been my lot to witness. Palaces, resplendent with marble pillars (somewhat chipped it is true), lovely Romanesque arcading down the length of a street, stuccoed houses of the most vulgar type, tumble-down cottages, shops with plate-glass fronts, were all mixed up in the most picturesque confusion possible. My room, in the hotel which I patronized, looked out into the court-yard of a palace; but the floods of water incessantly streaming from a broken water-spout on the palace roof kept me awake half the night. The same incongruity appeared in the internal arrangements of the hotel itself. White marble stairs led to gloomy, brick-paved corridors and

red-tiled rooms devoid of gas, and lighted by a solitary candle, while down below, the dining saloon was brilliant with electric light.

The fact is, Ferrara is a city of departed glories. In the middle ages it was the flourishing capital of the House of Este and a scene of much magnificence, the home of Italian culture and pagan learning, and the frequent resort of popes, emperors, and princes. In those days it boasted of 100,000 inhabitants; now it can reckon barely a third of that number. Beyond the fact of possessing a university, it is still more interesting than many of the cities of northern Italy as constituting, before the spoliation of the Church by the present Government, the most northerly of the Pope's dominions. The Duchy of Ferrara, of which the city formed the capital, was governed by a Cardinal-Legate, and the grand old medieval fortress, still known as "Il Castello," with its towers and battlements and moated walls, was his official residence; to this day it forms one of the most picturesque buildings in the ancient city.

I peeped into many churches, but found none of them very interesting; all, except the Cathedral (to which I shall refer later), were of ultra Renaissance style of architecture. One of the first which attracted my attention had evidently not yet assumed the marble façade which had

formed part of the original design. It presented a rugged face of dingy brown brick, plentifully perforated with holes to afford grip to the more elaborate front, destined some day to adorn it. The effect produced was that of a large and very carelessly built dovecot.

S. Carlo, a curious, little, short, squat building standing not far from the Castello, presented no feature of special interest. The Dominican church, a handsome classical structure, impressed me as the finest of all, after the Cathedral. It had some good paintings, but stucco was much in evidence. Fifteen lamps burned before the Blessed Sacrament chapel, in honor of the Mysteries of the Rosary, and a box hard by invited subscriptions to the fund for keeping them up.

There was a fair in progress on the day of my visit; oxen and sheep, together with vegetable and fruit stalls, occupied the great square and some of the side streets. Peasants strolled about inspecting the various commodities exposed for sale and chatting gaily with acquaintances. I was struck by the dignified aspect of the men as they passed along staff in hand. It was somewhat chilly, and almost all wore a long, ample cloak—one corner thrown over the opposite shoulder, toga fashion. Some of these cloaks had fur collars. The graceful folds gave a touch of the antique to the shrouded figures.

In the square stands a noble statue of Savonarola, one of Ferrara's most illustrious sons. He was born there, and, though he joined the Friars Preachers at Bologna and gained his greatest fame at Florence, he spent some years as a preacher in the city of his birth.

Tablets setting forth the memories of such worthies as Mazzini, Garibaldi, Giordano Bruno, and the like, did not impress me with the idea of Ferrara's staunch Catholicity. Garibaldi, in particular, figured everywhere; streets, squares, gardens, and terraces boasted of bearing his name as though it were a special honor.

It was in the venerable Cathedral that I was permitted to say Mass on the morning after my arrival. The waiter at my hotel seemed somewhat surprised that I should go out so early, before coffee, even! However, he directed me to the Cathedral with much perspicuity, and I made my way thither without difficulty.

Its position on one side of the principal square, the Piazza di S. Crispino, is very fine. The exterior of the edifice, as the illustration shows, is remarkably beautiful, in spite of modern disfigurements. Its air of hallowed antiquity impresses one at first sight. The church dates from the twelfth century, but it has been repeatedly modernized, especially during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The west front

and the tower are the finest portions remaining; the latter, built in 1412, is renowned for its grace of style.

The interior is disappointing on account of modern additions and decorations, altogether unbecoming the style of the original structure. It is worthy of note that one of the popes, Urban III, who died at Ferrara in 1187, was laid to rest here, and that his successor, Gregory VIII, was elected Sovereign Pontiff in this very church.

In spite of the inferior style of architecture and decorations, there are many pleasing features about the interior of Ferrara Cathedral; one of them is a pervading dimness, which (at least in early morning, when I saw it) conceals many defects and adds an air of mysticism to an otherwise ordinary-looking church. There are also some quaint side chapels, which struck me as very attractive, and some dark wood panelling in the sacristy and adjoining chapels adds greatly to the general effect. When the hour arrived to betake myself to the station again, I did so with a feeling of satisfaction that I had been able to spend even so short a time in the curious but interesting old city, which I had often read about, but had scarcely hoped ever to see.

XVIII

FLORENCE

XVIII

FLORENCE

THE route from Ferrara to Florence is through Bologna. It would have been interesting, had time permitted, to have explored even cursorily so famous a city; but it would have been at the expense of the still more famous Florence, so we left it behind. The glimpses of scenery gained between Bologna and Florence were charming but elusive. The railway reminded one of our own Metropolitan; for no sooner were we out of one tunnel than we dashed into another. There was this difference, however; in place of a dimly lighted underground station whenever one emerged from the darkness, there were here lovely pictures—all too brief, it is true—of mountain and valley, woodland and river, and villages nestling among vineyards and olive trees, such as an artist would revel in.

Florence was reached too late in the evening to permit of anything beyond refreshment and rest after a day's travel. The mosquito-curtains attached to my bed in the hotel aroused un-

pleasant reflections. True, it was November, and the nights were cool, but the presence of the curtains suggested caution. I discreetly shrouded myself behind them and congratulated myself with a chuckle of satisfaction on the display of prudence, when, in the dead of night, I heard the tiny clarion of at least one baffled foe resounding through the darkness. Some of my friends have tried to persuade me that the mosquito was probably roused to activity by the shaking out of the curtains within whose folds he had secured a retreat from the chilly air of an autumn night; but I am loth to lose the credit of a *bona-fide* adventure with the dreaded insect. Moreover, I met with a traveler, not many days later, who had been badly bitten, through want of precaution. So I feel myself justified in maintaining my first impression.

I suppose the Duomo is the first church a stranger instinctively makes for in Florence, when bent on sightseeing. We had said Mass at a pretty early hour at a church near the hotel, remarkable for little beyond the bad taste of its decorations and the extremely distracting way in which the Mass-servers (decrepit old gentlemen generally) persisted in shouting the responses at full lung power. Then, after an early breakfast, we sallied forth to the Duomo, S. Maria del Fiore.

Some buildings impress one at first sight with their overwhelming magnificence; the Cathedral at Florence is one of these. As the stranger comes within sight of this truly colossal church, shining like some great jewel under the brilliant glow of a southern sun, he stands to gaze in reverent silence. Its magnificent façade, finished in 1886 only, is faced, like the rest of its exterior walls, with colored marbles—chiefly pale rose, white, and black. Everywhere the eye ranges over delicate carving and tracery, all in the same precious stone. Artistic statues of white marble are ranged in their several niches; richly colored pictures in mosaic surmount each of the three entrances; the portals are heavy bronze gates, wrought with exquisite workmanship in high relief. In its beauty of material and wealth of magnificent ornament, it is doubtful whether any other modern building can compare with this wonderful work of art, which has taken so many centuries to complete that its slow progress gave rise to a proverb, and thus when a Florentine spoke of anything destined to remain unfinished he would compare it with S. Maria del Fiore.

The Cathedral is surmounted by a splendid dome, set upon three smaller ones. It is the work of Brunelleschi, and is believed to be the most beautiful cupola in the world and to have

furnished Michael Angelo with the model for that of St. Peter's in Rome. The story goes that the great artist, when told that he had now an opportunity of surpassing the dome of Florence, replied, "I will make her sister dome larger, yes, but not more beautiful."

Arnolfo del Cambio, the first architect of the Cathedral, received instructions from the Florentines to raise a building which would excel anything yet seen. He began it in 1298, and after his death the renowned Florentine artist Giotto took up the work. To his genius is owing the graceful Campanile, 276 feet high, which rises on the right of the façade, completely detached from the Cathedral, and on the site, as it is supposed, of the ancient little Church of S. Zenobio, frequented by the Seven Founders of the Servite Order.

This, in the opinion of all competent judges, is the gem of the buildings. Though critics have been found to complain of the over-rich decoration of the façade, no one dares to speak a word against this splendid tower. Its grace and delicate beauty could scarcely be surpassed. It is built from base to summit of many-colored marbles, and adorned with the most artistic sculptured statues and bas-reliefs, and intricate carvings and mosaic. It was the sight of this matchless work of art when still unfinished

that drew from an unfortunate citizen of Verona the exclamation that the wealth of two kingdoms could scarcely suffice to build such a monument. For his luckless criticism he was thrown into prison, nor was he allowed to leave the city many weeks after till he had been convinced by a sight of the public treasury that the Florentines, did they but choose, were rich enough to build their whole city of marble.

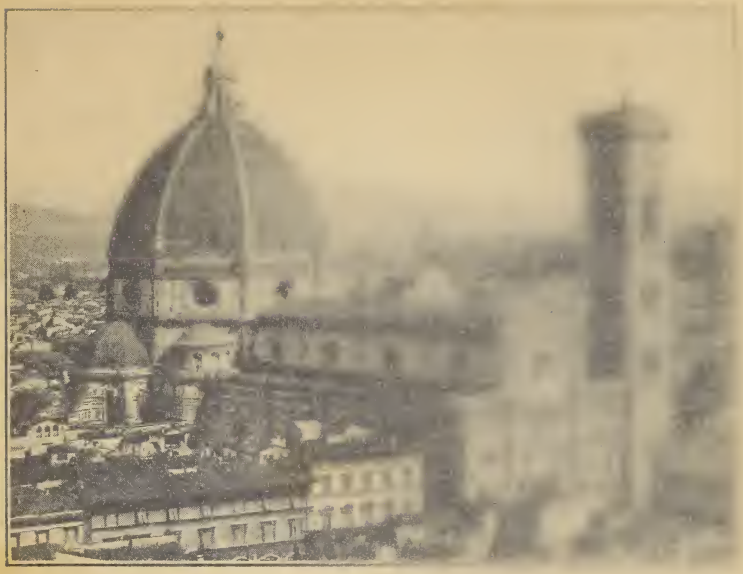
The interior of S. Maria del Fiore is at first sight disappointing. From the graceful statuary and delicate sculpture, the brilliant mosaics and richly-tinted marbles of the exterior, one passes into a church which strikes one as somber to a fault. The radiance of an Italian sky is subdued by the deep-toned glass filling the small windows. It takes some time for the eye to become accustomed to the surrounding gloom, especially if one has left bright sunshine outside. But, by degrees, the vastness of this splendidly constructed building, unapparent at first glance on account of the admirable proportion of its parts, begins to dawn upon the beholder. The Cathedral is more than 500 feet long and is 154 in height from pavement to vaulted roof. The dim grandeur which characterizes this magnificent church is produced by the rich tints of the stained glass in the windows dating from the fifteenth century, and to some artistic minds its mysterious

gloom is one of the great beauties of the building.

The walls are of a somewhat monotonous, gray tone, relieved by little ornament; the massive pillars of the nave are not strikingly graceful and only moderately decorated with sculpture; the pavement, rich in many-colored marbles, and the lofty roof of the dome, resplendent with frescoes, scarcely succeed in dispelling the idea that the whole interior is pervaded by one uniform neutral tint.

Among the many works of art that adorn the Cathedral, two may be specially mentioned. The silver shrine of St. Zenobius, the ancient patron of Florence, in the apse of the choir, is a marvellous specimen of metal work designed by Ghiberti in 1440. In the choir, too, is the last work of Michael Angelo, an unfinished *Pietá*, executed when the great master was 81 years of age, and a treasure of art universally admired.

One interesting feature in the church is the fact that the two windows at the western extremity of the nave are unreal. From some difficulties in the construction which caused a contraction in the proposed length of the building, these windows are unavoidably false ones. From the interior the circumstance could never be detected, as they are so cleverly filled with



The Cathedral, Florence

Cloisters of St. Maria Novella, Florence

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glittering mosaic, in imitation of the style and coloring of the glass used in the other windows, as to catch the light from within and thus produce the appearance of being transparent.

As one leaves the Duomo by the western entrance, the Baptistery of Florence, the quaint little octagonal building dedicated to St. John the Baptist, comes into view only a few paces from the Cathedral itself. It is encrusted with dark green and white marble in the style of the Cathedral, and is entered by magnificent gates of gilded bronze, unequalled in the world, the work of Lorenzo Ghiberti in 1447. They were declared by Michael Angelo to be worthy to become the portals of Paradise. The decoration of these superb gates consists of a series of reliefs representing in fifty panels the chief incidents in the life of St. John, the patron, scenes in Our Lord's life and sufferings, and subjects taken from Old Testament history.

The building itself is said to have been anciently a temple of Mars, and previous to the erection of a larger church, served the place of a Cathedral. Its walls and roofs are covered with fine mosaics, and there are many marble statues. The font, in which every infant born in Florence has to be baptized, dates only from 1658. A more ancient one, brought from another old church to this in 1128, has now disappeared. The pavement is

of fine black and white marble. A splendid monument to Pope John XXIII, who died in Florence, stands in this building.

We discovered, too late, that in the sacristy attached to the baptistery are preserved some very beautiful embroidered miniatures, which formed a part of a set of vestments. They represent scenes in the life of St. John. We missed seeing them, as it is necessary to apply to the priest in charge, who keeps them under lock and key.

Perhaps the next interesting church to the Duomo is S. Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, for within it lie the illustrious dead. It rose simultaneously with S. Maria del Fiore, was designed by the same architect, and, strange to say, was also left incomplete as to its façade till the middle of the last century, when the present somewhat showy front of white and colored marble was provided, mainly at the expense of an English Catholic resident in Florence.

The interior is solemn and grand, if somewhat cold and severe. It was built for Franciscans and on that account the pavement is of brick merely, but many marble tombstones have been let into the more homely material.

The simple architecture of the church was formerly adorned by magnificent frescoes by Giotto and his school. It will hardly be believed

that an artist of a later age and of dissimilar tastes caused them to be whitewashed over that he might paint frescoes upon the wall-spaces more in accordance with the depraved style then in vogue. Luckily the precious works of art thus obscured have benefited by the vandalism. Those which have been cleansed from their coating of lime have emerged fresher and more perfect than others of the same date which in other places have been preserved untouched. Unfortunately the expense of the cleansing process is so considerable that only one or two frescoes have been as yet rescued.

The monuments of S. Croce constitute its special interest. Here in the chapel bearing his family name lies the great sculptor, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, his tomb surmounted by a bust which is held to be a speaking likeness. Here also is buried Niccolo Macchiavelli, the celebrated statesman and historian. Dante, whom Florence is proud to claim as a son, does not rest under the shadow of the monument raised to his memory, though the Florentines made every effort to secure his remains for their city. Galileo lies here and the artist Ghiberti, and there are monuments to many famous citizens who have gained fame for Florence as well as for themselves; many of these are buried elsewhere.

S. Croce is still served by Franciscans, but, like so many other religious Houses in United Italy, this also has been taken possession of by a paternal Government and only a few Fathers are tolerated as custodians of the famous church which Florence owes to the zeal and energy of members of an Order which was once so powerful in the city.

S. Lorenzo, a fine building in classical style, owes much of its interior decoration to the genius of Michael Angelo. In the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament is a beautiful marble statue of the Infant Jesus, dating from the early part of the fifteenth century, and considered a marvelous work of art. It was this statue that Savonarola caused to be carried in a procession of children through the city on the memorable occasion when every book or picture of immoral tendency was brought out and burned by the citizens at his instigation. S. Lorenzo, by the bye, was a church with which the great Dominican orator was much connected. Some of his most powerful sermons were preached within its walls.

The sacristies attached to this church contain many valuable objects of art. That known as the New Sacristy was designed by Michael Angelo and contains many of his noblest works, most of them splendid monuments to members of the Medici family.

Behind the choir is the truly gorgeous Medicean Chapel, the mausoleum of that famous Florentine family. It was commenced by the Grand Duke Ferdinand I in 1604. The building is octagonal, and is surmounted by a dome. The whole of the interior is lined from floor to roof with costly marbles and precious stones, disposed in intricate design. The interior of the dome was intended to have been inlaid with lapis-lazuli, but the immense cost prevented the completion of the design, and a Florentine artist, Benvenuti, painted it with frescoes of subjects taken from the Old and New Testaments, in 1827. Many interruptions took place in the progress of the work, and the costly pavement in Florentine mosaic, commenced in 1888, was still unfinished when I saw it.

The chapel is not regarded as a specimen of artistic merit, but is famous on account of its grand proportions and the display of lavish magnificence in its decorations. At the period when it was begun a rumor was current that it was intended to receive the precious treasure of the Holy Sepulcher, which had been promised to the Grand Duke by the Emir of the Druses on condition of pecuniary assistance. It is more commonly supposed that the costly memorial was intended from the first to become a mausoleum for the Medici.

Opening from the cloister of S. Lorenzo is the famous Laurentian Library, rich in precious manuscripts and early printed books. Some of the manuscripts, which number upwards of 10,000, are of priceless worth; they range from the fifth to the fifteenth century.

There are so many attractive objects in such an artistic center as Florence that it is hard to choose between them when one begins to speak of them; and yet it would be impossible to touch upon all. One very interesting church, however, must not be omitted—the Annunziata, in charge of the Servites. It was built in 1250, but has seen many changes and embellishments since that time.

Its western door is approached through a small square court surrounded by an arcade; on the walls of this little cloister are valuable old frescoes, protected now by glass screens. The earliest of these pictures is a Nativity by Baldovinetti, a Florentine painter of the fifteenth century, whose works are now extremely rare. Other paintings represent incidents in the life of the famous Servite, St. Philip Benizi, including many of his miracles. Others depict the life of Our Lady. Many of these frescoes are by Andrea del Sarto, a renowned Florentine painter, and some of the figures represent illustrious artists and musicians of the sixteenth century;

among them are the sculptor Sansovino and Andrea himself with his wife, Lucretia.

The interior of the Annunziata is rich in paintings and mural decorations. A curious custom was prevalent in the Middle Ages of suspending from the roof of this church waxen images of eminent living persons; those of Popes or foreign sovereigns on one side and those of Florentine citizens on the other. It is said that even Turks sent effigies here in gratitude to Our Lady for favors granted them.

The choir is a circular marble erection and stands under the dome. The High Altar has a beautifully-carved canopy of sixteenth century work. An altar-piece of Perugino is to be found in one of the side chapels; it represents the Assumption. A fresco in the cloister by Andrea del Sarto, called the *Madonna del Sacco,* because St. Joseph, who figures in the picture, has a sack of corn by his side, is considered the painter's finest work; it excited the enthusiastic admiration of Michael Angelo himself, and has met with high praise from competent critics for the grace of form and beauty of color which it displays.

No lover of sacred art can visit Florence without going to the ancient Dominican convent of S. Marco; for there are to be seen some of the greatest treasures of which the city can boast. Within its walls lived the world-renowned and

saintly painter, Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, known universally now as Fra Angelico. The cloisters, chapter-houses, staircase, corridors, and dormitory all contain precious frescoes from his hand. In the chapter-house is his well-known Crucifixion. At the head of the staircase is the beautiful Annunciation, one of the finest and most widely known of all his paintings. An inscription underneath invites the passer-by to say an *Ave.* In the dormitory, since divided into tiny cells, a fresco is painted on the wall over the place where the head of each bed formerly stood; many of these are by the holy painter himself, and others by his brother, Fra Benedetto, though many of the latter were designed by Fra Angelico. Most of these beautiful works of art are in good preservation.

In the cell formerly occupied by St. Antonine, who was a Friar of the convent, is a portrait of the saint by Fra Bartolommeo, an artist of later date. The vestments of St. Antonine are also to be seen there.

Passing through a chamber which was formerly a chapel the visitor gains the two small cells occupied by Savonarola when Prior of S. Marco. Pope Leo X granted an indulgence for visiting them. Within are preserved the famous Dominican's hair-shirt, rosary, and chair, also autograph manuscript copies of some of his ser-

mons and a portion of wood from the pile on which he was burned. A portrait of him, attributed to Fra Bartolommeo, hangs on the wall. A modern bust, imitated from an earlier work, stands in the ante-chamber. A genealogical tree of the Friars of S. Marco, preserved in another cell, bears witness to the admiration shown towards the great but ill-fated Dominican, in the partial obliteration of Savonarola's name by the kisses pressed upon it by his numerous sympathizers.

The library contains a priceless collection of illuminated choral books from various suppressed monasteries of the city, as well as twenty-four belonging to S. Marco. More than half of the latter were painted by Fra Benedetto. Some of these books contain work by another talented Friar of the Convent, Fra Eustachio, whose beautiful miniature paintings are of great renown. The glowing colors, brilliant gold-decoration, and lovely figures portrayed in these wonderful illuminations, it would be vain to attempt to describe; they must be seen to be realized. The whole of these treasures have been seized by the Government, and are now regarded as the property of the State. S. Marco is merely a museum to which admission may be gained by payment of a small fee. Only a small portion of the buildings is permitted to be used by the Friars, whose number is not large. The church con-

tains some fine later paintings and decorations. Its chief artistic treasure is a crucifix by Giotto over the principal entrance. The body of the great archbishop, St. Antonine, rests in the left transept.

Florence possesses art collections almost innumerable; the most important are that contained in the Uffizi Gallery, belonging to the State, and that preserved in the Pitti Palace; the latter collection may be said to form at the present day an appendix to the former. The Uffizi are the government offices; they stand close to the Palazzo Vecchio, or Old Palace, a grim-looking, fortress-like building of brown stone, surmounted by a slender, graceful campanile, singular in shape at the summit. The Palazzo is situated at the corner of the great square known as the "Piazza della Signioria," which in the Middle Ages was the center of the political life of the city. Here, where, as in Venice, tame pigeons strut so boldly before the feet of the wayfarer that he is in nervous dread of crushing out the life from their graceful little forms, stood the blazing pile in whose fiery heart Savonarola bravely suffered.

In the spacious galleries of the Uffizi are gathered together innumerable gems of painting and sculpture to form one of the richest collections of works of art now in existence.

Large halls are devoted to pictures by the various masters classed under the Italian, Tuscan, Venetian, French, Flemish, German, and Dutch schools; but paintings by many of these occupy positions in various corridors and galleries in other parts of the building. Then there are works of earlier date—Greek, Byzantine, and the like, as well as more modern portraits.

Every great master is represented there—Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolommeo, Fra Filippo Lippi, Perugino, Botticelli, Ghirlandaio, Pintoricchio, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, and others of the earlier centuries of art; Raphael, Guido, Rubens, Vandyck, Velasquez, Murillo, and Carlo Dolci of a later school. To attempt to enumerate them or their works would be to write a catalogue of many pages. It is enough to say that a visitor only moderately interested in art may find pleasant occupation for many hours in wandering through the halls of the Uffizi, while an enthusiast will consider many days insufficient to explore the treasures of painting and sculpture hoarded there.

It is from one of the upper windows that one gains the most charming view of the city possible. Amid the forest of houses and labyrinth of streets, the "Golden Arno," glides along close by the walls of the Uffizi. Across

it, near at hand, springs that quaintest of antique bridges, known as the "Ponte Vecchio." It dates from the fourteenth century. At one time the butchers of Florence had their shops in the curious little houses which cluster on both sides of the roadway on the end arches of either bank; later on they had to make way for goldsmiths. The odd little red-tiled buildings overhang the water; seen from a distance they look like dove-cotes. Above them, supported by the houses on the eastern side and by pillars and circular arches over the central span, runs a closed gallery, constructed in the sixteenth century to connect the Palazzo Vecchio with the Pitti Palace. This wonderful passage is nearly 2,000 feet in length and is hung with numerous engravings and paintings, many of the latter being portraits of illustrious men.

It is possible, except on Sundays, to pass through this long corridor and enter the halls in which the Pitti collection is exhibited. It is not likely that many visitors would care to do this under ordinary circumstances, for there is too much to be seen in both galleries to make one visit suffice for both and, in any case, one has to pay a distinct fee for admission to each.

Our drive to the Pitti Palace has been impressed upon my memory by the amusing incident of a contest between rival cabbies desirous

of our patronage, and of the volubility with which the unsuccessful one rained scornful criticisms on the age, appearance, and career of our chosen steed, to the intense delight of a throng of eager listeners. The Palace is a spacious building constructed of brown stone in enormous blocks, designed in the fifteenth century by Brunelleschi, the architect of the dome of the Cathedral; it was built for Luca Pitti, a wealthy citizen, and became in after ages the residence of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany. The art treasures contained in its saloons and galleries were placed there by the Medici family after they had become sovereign princes. It is a much smaller collection than that at the Uffizi, but contains several notable pictures of the great masters. Many of Raphael's well-known paintings are to be seen here, such as the Madonna del Gran Duca, that known as "della Seggiola," etc. Michael Angelo's celebrated picture of the Three Fates; one of the finest works of Andrea del Sarto, the Dispute Concerning the Holy Trinity, together with a large number of other paintings of his; some beautiful specimens of the work of Fra Bartolommeo, Lippi, Botticelli, Titian, and others, are all to be found at the Pitti. Many of the halls are finely frescoed and there are some splendid specimens of inlaid work in the costly marble tables composed of por-

phyry, malachite, lapis-lazuli, etc., that stand in various quarters of the building.

These are only two of the numberless public and private art galleries of Florence. Some of the churches, too, possess very valuable paintings by great masters. S. Maria Novella, for example, has some fine frescoes by Ghirlandaio —some of their smaller figures are said to have been drawn by his boy-pupil, Michael Angelo; Santo Spirito and the Carmine have paintings by Filippino Lippi; the Badia, or Benedictine Church, possesses a beautiful "Madonna appearing to St. Bernard," by the same artist; these are a few out of many. The only fresco of Perugino to be found in the city is one which is considered his finest work of the kind. It is preserved in the chapter-house of the Carmelite Convent of S. Maria Maddalena de' Pazzi.

These are not a third of the treasures preserved in the wonderful city on the banks of the Arno; museums, libraries, academies innumerable have each their objects of interest. But besides the many storehouses of art which Florence possesses, the city has other attractions of a different order. The scenery in its vicinity is of great loveliness; from its gardens and shaded promenades are obtainable the most charming views of mountain and vineyard and shady valley, all forming a worthy setting to the pic-

turesque churches and palaces and the noble modern buildings of which Florentines are justly proud.

The memories that cling to the city are manifold. Dante, Galileo, Cimabue, Giotto, Perugino, da Vinci, Ghiberti, Masaccio, del Sarto, Ghirlandaio, Michael Angelo, and a host of other celebrities—many of them sons of Florence—have trodden its streets and dwelt beneath its roofs. Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolommeo, Fra Filippo Lippi were worthy inmates—all of them—of one or other of its convents; for the scandalous charges made by Vasari against the moral character of the latter are incompatible with more recently discovered contemporary evidence, and the breath of calumny has never dared to defile the memory of either of the other two.

Amid the mingled minor recollections of the place stand out in prominence the curiosity aroused by the Benedictine habit among the Protestant English and American residents in our hotel, and the pertinacity of guides and sellers of guide-books in thrusting themselves upon our notice on every opportunity. As to the former, it had only to be met with indifference, and then what had been a novelty subsided very quickly into the commonplace; but the guide-book and memento business was always a nuisance. And yet the liveliness of

the vendors was sometimes distinctly amusing. One sharp fellow was exhibiting his wares on one occasion, and when he found Italian useless, dropped into French. I declined his overtures and inadvertently, from force of recent habit, spoke in German. The youth was equal to the occasion, and at once repeated his persuasive arguments in that language. I accordingly answered him in rapid English and met with a like response. One could only laugh at such persistency.

Delightful as everything was, the time came when Florence had to give way to Rome, and our faces to be set towards the Eternal City. With Rome these pages are not concerned; of those, therefore, who have so kindly rambled with me, by means of these pages, through the scenes I have endeavored to depict, I will here take leave.

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